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Locked by the Personal Trainer

“Damn, Skylar! Look at those fat rolls —they jiggle!”
“W-what?!” My arms quiver as I struggle to lift the dumbbell.
“I’m motivating you, bro! Don’t you wanna look like this?”
The suntanned college athlete flexes his bicep, causing an orb to emerge beneath his skin. A vein bulges from the side, highlighting the curvature and guiding my eyes onto his thick shoulder. His black tank top is tight, hug-
ging his pecs and hard nipples.
His name is Rick, and he’s an asshole. But I need his help.
I just started my second year at the university, and I’m still single. I

recently came out as gay, but that didn’t
change much. My pale, obese body isn’t valued on the sexual
marketplace. I’ve struggled to find dates, and I’ve
been scrolling sleazy hookup apps instead. The guys I’ve met were so
horny they’d fuck a rock if they could. I was
just a tool for their pleasure. I’m lucky I didn’t get any diseases.
I’m trying to change though. Rick is my same age, and we share classes
together. He recently got his personal training certification, and he’s been
bragging about it nonstop. I decided to ask him for help. I want to burn off
these gelatinous rolls of flesh. I want to look hot…or at least average.
And the fact that I’m doing this with Rick shows that I’m serious. This guy
is insufferable. He’s on the univer-

sity football team, and he’s the quintessential straight jock. He’s loud, overconfident, and swimming in cheer-
leader pussy. He’s the kind of guy I’ve always hated being around. We have nothing in common.
His free time is spent on the football field and in the local gym where he works.
My free time is spent at home drawing on my tablet. I have a pretty big online following for my anime-styled artwork.
“C’mon, bro! You’ll be fat forever if you don’t push harder!” He smacks my belly.
“Urgh!” I let out a strained noise as I finally lift the weight.
“Nice job!” He puts his hands on his hips. “Now do that a few thousand more times, and you’ll be pulling in plenty of pussy.”

“Um…” I set the dumbbell on the floor and glance toward the little rainbow pin on my gym bag.
“Ooooh! That’s right! You’re a homo!” His face becomes serious. “My bad.”
“It’s fine.” I give an awkward smile. Truth be told, I’m still extremely self-conscious about this. People think that coming out is a one-time thing,
but the reality is that it never ends. Each time someone finds out, it’s like reliving that first big announcement. It’s
endless, and it’s tiring.
“So you hook up with dudes?”
“Uh…yeah.” I look away. He’s probably disgusted.
“Whatever. As long as you don’t hit on me, we’re cool.”
“R-right.”
I’d normally be annoyed by a comment like that. Just because I’m gay doesn’t mean I’d automatically

find him
attractive.
But this case is different.
Rick has the body of a god.
He’s shaped like a tortilla chip. His wide, blocky shoulders trace down to a tiny waist. Beneath his tank top, his ripped abs bulge like kernels on an ear of corn. His brown shorts give way to hairy, thick thighs with visible muscle separation. His calves are no different—sharp, full, and dripping with power.
His arms are my favorite though. Those biceps possess an extreme curvature that’s only enhanced by his tan
skin. His forearms are tight with a light dusting of brown hair running over the visible veins.
And his face…sharp and blocky, he looks like he was chiseled by a master sculptor. Bushy brown eyebrows rest

above his vibrant green eyes. His sleek hair is cropped short, shining in the fluorescent light of the gym.
It’s impossible not to be attracted to all that. I’m sure he’s had other guys hitting on him since he was in high school. He must be used to the gay gaze.
“Let’s call it a day,” he says. “You’ve got a long road ahead of you, but I’ll get you there. Just put your trust in

me, and you’ll find what you need.”
“Thanks, man.”
Rick goes to his next training appointment while I head to the locker room. As I move, I realize there’s some-
thing hard in my pants.
My cock.
Ugh…how long have I been hard? Did he notice? Probably not. He wouldn’t

be able to resist making fun of me for that.
I shove my hand into my pocket to hide the boner as I enter the locker room. Even after changing clothes, my
dick still refuses to calm down. I end up waddling out of the building, desperately trying to conceal it. I don't want
to be "that guy" at the gym. That's fucking gross.
Maybe I should get off my high horse though. By most people's standards, I'm probably a pervert. My porn collection is vast and extensive. Growing up closeted, porn was the only way for me to experience some sem-
blance of intimacy. Hardcore movies…erotica…audio porn…adult video games…my tastes are refined. I'm a porn

connoisseur.
By the time I get back to my dorm, my boner has only grown hungrier. I keep thinking back to when Rick flexed his arm. That’s the closest I’ve ever been to a straight guy’s flexed muscles. What would it be like to touch it? In
some of my porn videos, they do a thing called “muscle worship”. One guy flexes while another guy just touches
and kisses the muscles. It’s a sign of admiration. It’s an appreciation of power and beauty.
It's a sign of loyalty.
Kissing another man’s body…it shows a sort of acceptance. You’re giving yourself to his power. It’s a physical display of respect and devotion.
I slip into my room and lock the door. Flopping down on my bed, I pull a tub of Albolene from a drawer. It’s a

makeup remover, but it’s also the best masturbation lube in existence. I can jack off for hours with this shit, and it never dries out.

“Oh fuck.” My eyes flutter as I slather it over my dick. “Just what I needed…”

Pleasure radiates from my cock as I pump up and down. I usually cum at least twice a day—once in the morning and once at night. If I have a hot encounter during the day, then that number bumps up to three. Sometimes I wonder if there’s something wrong with me. Sex is constantly on my mind. It’s been this way since my early teenage years. Pumping on my dick… it’s more than just a hobby. It’s a passion.

Sometimes my cock gets chafed, and I have to go a day or two without

jacking off. It’s a rough experience. There’s nothing worse than an extended dry spell. I don’t know how people function without regularly blowing
their loads. It doesn’t even seem possible to me.
Up and down. I fondle my dick, losing myself in a spiral of bliss. Yeah…this is perfect. Things are looking up in
my life. I’m gonna get fit. I’m gonna get dates.
And I’m gonna get to see Rick’s physique every afternoon.
Now that’s some serious workout motivation. Maybe someday he’ll let me touch his muscles. That’d be a beautiful thing.
No…I shouldn’t get carried away. Straight guys like him are trouble. He’d probably beat the shit out of me if I
ever made a move. This is the curse I

was born with—forever attracted to guys who are disgusted by my existence.
If only there was a way to make him like me…
But that’s just a fantasy.
It’s impossible.

“What’s in there?” I point to a door at the back of the gym.
The words “VIP ACCESS ONLY” are printed in bold red letters. There’s an electronic lock near the handle. A keycard is required for entry.
“Oh, that’s the back room.” Rick shrugs. “It’s for guys who are more serious about lifting—amateur body-builders, mostly.”
“Huh, interesting.” I follow him toward the dumbbell rack and set my bag down. “So, what’s the plan for today?”
“I want to try something new. Follow

me.”

He leads me down a hall toward the restrooms. He opens the men’s room door and beckons me inside.
“Wait, what?”
“Come inside!”
My brows furrow, but I do as he says. The place seems to be empty. It’s just us, the urinals, and a bunch of empty stalls.
“Why are we here?”
“Needed some privacy. After yesterday, I started thinking…” He looks up and down my pudgy body while he
speaks. “We should change our approach. If you’re a queer, then we can modify the exercise regimen.”
“Dude, what the fuck?!” I step back and scowl. “Is that supposed to be a joke?!”

“No, not at all.” His eyes are wide and innocent. “I’m serious. You guys are a bit different. You aren’t like straight men. You have unique needs.”
“W-what do you mean?”
“Well, most straight guys go to the gym to get pussy. That’s the big motivator. For a queer though, you have the benefit of being turned on by muscles. If your personal trainer is down for it, he can use his body to motivate you!”
He does a cocky bicep flex, causing that tight muscle to bulge again. The sight sends a burst of adrenaline into my bloodstream.
“M-motivation…?”
“Yeah. Check this out.”
He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a glittering little tube. Fashioned

with chrome bars, the cylinder is closed off at one end. On top, a tiny padlock is affixed. It’s a weird sort of device. Is it supposed to be attached to
the weightlifting equipment?
“What is it?”
“A chastity cage. It’s built for boys like you.”
“Chastity?” My nose crinkles.
“Yeah! Like, you put your dick inside and it stops you from touching it.”
“What?! Why would someone do that?”
“Think about it—if you’re wearing this cage, you can’t jack off. You’ll come to the gym every day feeling horny. When you see my muscles, it’ll give you a boost. You’ll have so much adrenaline pumping through your veins that
you’ll be able to lift anything! This will allow us to push your body past its

limit.”
“Oh…I guess that makes sense.”
“C’mon, fatty.” He smacks my belly, causing it to jiggle. “I’m trying to help you here. If you use the cage, your body will transform! You’ll become perfect.”
“I mean, I could use all the help I can get.” I look down at my stomach. “You won’t tell anyone about this, right?”
“Don’t worry. It can be just for us.”
I look up into his eyes while my stomach flutters. Maybe I was wrong about Rick after all. Maybe he really is
just looking out for me. He wants me to reach my full potential.
“A-alright. Maybe we can try it.” I glance away, my heart pounding.
“Sick, bro! This is more common than you realize. Queers need to do things a bit differently, but there’s noth-

ing wrong with that.”
“I…I thought you didn’t like guys like me. I thought you were disgusted…”
“What?! No way!” Genuine surprise flashes across his face. “Homos are great! They’re a bit weird and sometimes kinda gross, but they’re useful. For as long as I can remember, they’ve been drawn to me. Like flies to
honey, they can’t stay away. It’s kinda nice, honestly.”
“Woah…really?”
“Yeah! I’ve even had gay guys at school offer to pay for my bodybuilding supplements. You guys are great!”
“Wow.” My mind reels, trying to process what he just said.
Did he just describe gay guys as… useful?
“Come over here.” He grabs my arm and pulls me into one of the stalls,

slamming it shut and flipping the lock.
“Take your pants off. Let’s get the cage on.”

“Ok…” My shaky fingers slip into my gym shorts, pulling the elastic waistband low.
My dick flops out. At least it’s not hard this time. That’s a relief.
“Damn! Look at that!” Rick grips my dick between his thumb and forefinger. “It’s so thin! Not very long either.”
“Yeah. I mean, it’s probably below average.” My cheeks turn red.
“No worries. The cage will still work. Just relax for me, alright? This will feel a bit weird at first.”
I hold my breath as he pulls on my dick, inserting the cockhead into the chastity cage. The metal is hot from

being in his pocket. As it slides down my shaft, I can feel his body heat absorbing into my tender flesh. The bars
are tight and rigid. It’s a twisted, unnatural sensation that fills me with anxiety.
But I remain motionless, frozen in place while he proceeds.
Squishing my soft dick up against my abdomen, he takes a tiny glimmering key from his pocket and slides it
into the padlock. It clicks, affixing the cage in place.
He lets go.
My eyes widen.
There’s a heavy downward pressure as the cage hangs off my body, but that’s not the most frightening aspect.
My cock…it’s disappeared. My caged dick is hidden beneath my overweight belly. I can’t see it. It’s like I don’t

even have a dick anymore.
Out of sight…out of mind.
No.
I can feel it. That tight, warm pressure is omnipresent. Even when my clothes are on, I'll still feel the cage. It's a mark left on my body by my personal trainer.
"Well, what do you think?" he asks.
"I…I don't know. It's tight."
"That's good. We want a snug fit." He reaches down and grabs his tank top, pulling it off his body. "Let's test it."
I stare stunned as his tan skin glows in the fluorescent lighting. His physique is hard and angular, each muscle toned to perfection. This is a body crafted through training with teammates on the football field. This is a physique
refined through long hours in the gym pumping iron. A body like this…I'll

never have it.
I’m a marshmallow. He’s a grilled, protein-rich steak.
“Go ahead, buddy. Touch my abs. That’s what your kind likes, right?” He grabs my wrist and pulls my palm onto his stomach.
My skin makes contact with the smoldering flesh. It’s like touching a freshly hardened volcanic rock—firm, smooth, and radiating heat. The sensation triggers something in my brain. My eyes glaze over. My pulse slows.
I step closer.
Without speaking, I glide my hand along the contours of his abs, tracing up to his pecs. Those hard nipples scrape against my fingertips, sending a shudder down my spine.
But my cock…it feels weird.
It’s plumping up, but backed-up blood flow is coalescing near the base. My

heart is trying to force it into my cock, but there’s nowhere for it to go. A raw, angry pain manifests. My dick aches, desperately begging me to remove the device. I’m touching a straight man’s body. I’m admiring his flawless physique. My cock wants to get
hard to this. It needs it.
“R-Rick…maybe you could take it off just for a bit?” I look up into his eyes.
“But we’re just getting started. If you can’t even handle this, then you’ll never reach your full potential.”
“I…I guess you’re right.”
“Don’t worry. My job as your trainer is to keep you on the right path. I’m your keyholder now. The male sex
drive is a powerful thing. It can influence behavior. The man who holds the key to your chastity cage holds the key
to your brain.”

“R-Rick…are you sure about this? People really do this to lose weight?”
“Shhh…relax for me.” He lifts his arm, displaying his sweaty armpit. “And don’t call me Rick anymore. Address me with some fucking respect!”
He grabs the back of my head and pulls my face toward the wet nest of brown hair. It’s matted with so much sweat that the long strands look black. He forces my nose into them while I flinch and squirm. I try to pull back,

but he holds me in his iron grip.
My lungs expand, gasping in shock. His pit stench wafts into my body. Aggressive and sour, the smell causes me to gag. He smears my face around like I’m a stick of deodorant.
Bathing me in sweat…it’s a perverse baptism—a way to mark me.
But I allow it.

Something about this smell…it makes it difficult to think clearly. The bathroom seems to spin while I huff more
of the acrid musk. With each breath, my caged cock grows more painful. It’s responding to his scent. My body wants to get hard, but my brain knows it’s impossible. There’s a physical and mental disconnect here. It’s agonizing. Why is he doing this to me?!
“You thought I was disgusted by queers, Skylar? Hardly. Your kind are precious. Don’t get me wrong, most of
you are nasty fuckers. When trained properly though, you can be trusty companions. Like a dog or a horse, you’re
fiercely loyal.”
“Guuurgh!” A dazed gurgle leaves my mouth.
“I realized at an early age the power I

have over you perverts. Making you do my homework. Making you wash my car. Making you pay for my gym membership. The possibilities are endless. Hell, a few years back, one of my
old coaches got on his knees for me. Can you believe that?!”
“Urrrggghhh…”
“Other straight guys have always looked to me for leadership. Women have looked to me for protection. Queers though…they needed something much deeper. They looked to me for purpose.”
“Porposh?” I mumble while huffing his pit fumes.
“Yeah. One of my old teachers explained it to me. We’re no different than animals. Everyone has an innate place in the tribe. Boys like you are at the bottom. You’re drawn to the men who breed. You can feel it in your

bones. The men you've always admired…they've always been straight."
I struggle to focus on his words, but he's right. Growing up, I was pushed around and bullied by jocks like him. As I aged, I grew resentful…but there was always an attraction beneath the surface.
"P-please teach me, sir!"
He just laughs and pushes, sending me tumbling to the piss-stained floor.
"One whiff of the pits, and you queers lose your fucking minds!" A sadistic grin spreads across his face. "Don't take it too seriously though, Skylar. That was just to test the chastity cage, remember?"
"Oh…um, yeah!" I give an awkward laugh.
"Now c'mon, let's go lift. Get your clothes on."
"Y-yes, sir!" I scramble to my feet and

begin getting dressed.
“You know, there’s another benefit to the cage when it comes to lifting—testosterone production. When you’re horny as fuck, your balls will be churning out testosterone. It’ll help you build muscle.”
“I’m lucky to be a queer…”
“Exactly! Now you’re getting it! There are some major perks in your life. You’ve just gotta learn to recognize them.”
“Thanks for the lesson…”
Staring at the ground, I follow Rick out into the gym.
We begin our usual lift routine, starting with shoulders and biceps. I can feel the cage in my underwear. My
dick is still puffy and horny, and it adds a new level of discomfort to exercising. Rick said this would pump me full

of adrenaline, and he was right. My limbs are jittery.
Something odd is happening though. It’s hard to focus. My thoughts are going in a million different directions, and I find myself automatically doing whatever exercises Rick tells me to. I’m so turned on and anxious…it’s diffi-
cult to think.
But maybe that’s why I have a trainer. He’s here to think for me…
“Phew! Alright! That was a solid workout.” Rick drops the dumbbells he was lifting alongside me. “I’m looking forward to tomorrow.”
“Yeah…me too.”
“Here, take this. It’s your homework.”

He grabs his tank top and pulls it over his head. Damp with sweat, it peels off his dark skin. He holds the

heavy fabric out to me while I just stare with confusion.
“What…?”
“It’s another training method. When you go to sleep tonight, I want you to put your head inside the tank top. While you sleep, air will filter through the fabric and pull pheromones into your body. It’s a way for you to absorb
a stronger man’s focus and strength. It’ll put you in the right mindset for our next session tomorrow.”
I raise an eyebrow while reaching out and grabbing the warm, wet fabric. That sounds like bullshit, but whatever. This gym is a weird place. They teach their trainers some awfully unconventional techniques.
That’s probably what I need though. I’ll do anything to burn off a few pounds.
“Alright. Thanks, Rick—I mean, sir.”

“Sure thing, buddy.”
I leave the gym and head back to my dorm. I slip into my room and lock the door behind me. This is usually when I’d boot up my laptop and start a marathon porn session, but that’s not an option anymore.
Fear washes over me.
Holy shit.
I let a dude lock up my cock. He has the key. Another man has the key to my dick.
That’s fucked up.
It seemed so reasonable when he was there in front of me, but now it seems absurd. I can’t stop thinking about what he said—gay guys are “useful” and can be loyal like a horse. He’s been using them his entire life. He certainly knew how to influence me. It’s kinda scary. When I sniffed his pits, things got weird. I was so dizzy

and
happy.
I spend the rest of the day doing homework, but I don’t make much progress. My mind keeps wandering back
to Rick’s body. It’s hard to focus like this.
Eventually, I give up. It’s late now and the stars are twinkling outside. I might as well turn in for the night. What an unproductive day.
Once I’ve changed into my pajamas, I open my bag and extract the tank top. It vibrates in my quivering hands.
The fabric is still damp with a football jock’s sweat. This is nasty. I shouldn’t play along with this.
But one whiff couldn’t hurt.
I raise the fabric to my nose and inhale.
Woah.
The scent hits me like a brick wall.

Bitter. Heavy. Strong. It’s like burnt coffee.

My caged dick pulses while blood flows to my groin. I ache with desire as I take another hit of scent. Fuck… what’s wrong with me?! I’m disgusting. I’m a pervert.

Flopping onto my bed, I slip under the covers. Like Rick instructed, I shove my head inside the tank top, allowing the moist fabric to shroud me like a wedding veil.

My lungs expand, pulling the stale musk into my body. Like huffing gas fumes, it causes my head to spin. A sense of relaxation overtakes my sore muscles, inducing a state of docility. So calm…so relaxed…

All the anxiety I’ve felt today drifts away. My caged dick is still sore, but it becomes almost comforting. The cage is giving my penis a little hug. It’s keeping it safe and cozy.

Yeah…I’ve been worrying too much. Rick has more experience with gay dudes than I ever will. I should just trust his guidance.
He’s so strong…so…masculine.
My thoughts grow sluggish as I slide into a deep, dreamless sleep.

“Well, how was it?” Rick stands beside me in the gym locker room. “Did it smell good?”
“Um…yeah.” I hand him his dirty tank top while my cheeks glow red.
It’s natural that a homo would enjoy a man’s scent, but it feels pervy to say it out loud. Rick doesn’t seem to mind though. In fact, he seems happy that I like his aroma. He wears a wide, cocky grin.
“And the cage, how’s it feeling?”
“Better, sir. My cock isn’t as sore. I haven’t had a boner all morning.”

“Yeah, you’ll find that over time, you’ll get fewer and fewer erections. That’s a normal side effect of the cage.”
“It’s weird…I can’t see my dick anymore. My stomach is in the way.”
“Sorry about that, tubby.” He smacks my belly through my shirt. “You’re not alone though.”
“What do you mean?”
“Chastity training is a special program this gym is known for. I’ve been hesitant to show you, but I think you’re
ready to see it. Follow me.”
Rick leaves the locker room, and I follow from behind. He leads into the gym and takes me to the door in the back reading “VIP ACCESS ONLY”. Pulling a keycard from his pocket, he holds it over the reader. A beeping noise
rings out while a tiny green light

flashes.
“Oh, you said this is where the bodybuilders train, right?”
“Yeah. Bodybuilders and college athletes. I’ve recruited some of my teammates.”
He pushes the door open and ushers me inside.
It’s just a stairwell.
Concrete stairs twist down into the earth while fluorescent lights shine overhead. It’s completely unremarkable.
“A basement?” I ask as we begin the descent.
“Yeah. The gym charges athletes a lot of money to come down here. For boys like you though, it’s free.”
My brows furrow. That doesn’t make any sense.
We pass down several flights of stairs until arriving at another “VIP ACCESS ONLY” door far beneath the gym.

Conspicuous security cameras are positioned overhead, the lenses pointing directly at me. Rick scans his badge
to gain access, but this door also has a fingerprint reader. It’s like we’re going inside a bank vault. What’s with all
the security?
But as I step through the door, things begin to make more sense.
“What the hell…?”
I stand frozen, my eyes scanning the room.
It’s a long, wide space filled with top-of-the-line workout equipment. Young, muscular men are spread through-
out, filling the space with a chorus of grunts. The ceiling is painted a soothing, minty shade of green. Cove light-
ing adorns the perimeter, giving a dash of modern elegance. The walls

are made entirely of mirrors, causing the
underground chamber to appear infinitely large. There are even pedestals in the corners, each supporting a large
vase packed with fragrant white flowers. If I didn’t know better, I’d think I was at a wellness spa.
But none of that is what causes me to freeze up.
Each of the shirtless athletes has a partner with a very different body type. They’re either dangerously thin or
morbidly obese. They’re completely naked.
And they wear chastity cages.
Like butlers waiting on the lord of a manor, they stand at attention holding towels and water bottles. The ath-
letes barely seem to notice them, and the assistants all just stare into the

distance with glassy eyes. The sight is
bizarre. It’s grotesque.
It makes my dick twitch.
“Welcome to the VIP room!” Rick steps forward and throws his arms wide.
“W-what’s going on here?!” I take a step back.
“What do you mean? Everyone is just training.”
“No! W-why are they naked?! Why aren’t they exercising?! You said the chastity cage was supposed to help me
get fit!”
“Oh, it can help you get fit. It certainly increases testosterone levels.” He steps toward me, a strange grin spreading across his face. “But when a chastity queer comes down here, he’s given a choice. We can keep exer-

cising like we have been, or you can give up. Instead of working out, you can become my gym assistant.”
“Why would I do that…?”
“Let’s ask your little dick, Skylar.” He reaches out and grips my cage, causing me to flinch. “You’ve yearned for
straight, masculine men your entire life. How good would it feel if they actually wanted to be around you? How
blissful would it be to fall to your knees and be accepted?”
“C-could that really be possible?”
“Yeah. If you work hard and show obedience, then straight men will fucking love you. Well, they’ll love using

you, anyway. What’s the difference though? You’d get the approval you’ve

craved for so long. Just give up on your
fitness goals, Skylar. You don’t want to date other queers. You don’t want to get fit. No…you only want one thing,
and it’s right here.”
He pulls off his tank top, exposing that godlike chest. The mere sight of it causes my blood pressure to drop.
He’s right. I’ve yearned for a straight man’s approval for so long. Is it possible to actually attain it? If I work hard, could I have a place in this man’s life? He’s a star football player. He’s going places.
I’m just an awkward fatass.
We’re practically different species.
“Boys like you aren’t meant to be strong.” He reaches out and strokes my hair. “You’re meant to help other men grow strong instead.”
“Working hard for a…man.”

“Yeah. That’s right.” He stifles a laugh. “Imagine it—coming here day after day, fetching me water and toweling
down my body. You’ll buy my supplements. You’ll pay for my meals. You’ll put me on your credit card so I can
spend your money on my personal growth. You’ll feed these muscles. You’ll become a part of my legacy.”
“The star athlete…and his loyal boy…”
“I’m offering you something beautiful, Skylar. Every queer in this room has accepted it. They all know their place. The owner of this gym has owned a loyal homo since he was in high school. He created the VIP room to
give others the same opportunity. This is a place where dirty, feral boys are tamed and cleaned up. Let me purify

you. Let me show you the light.”
He carefully guides my face into his damp armpit.
I instinctively inhale, taking a hit of the divine musk.
“Yes…I need it.”
“Say it louder.”
“I need it.”
“Louder.”
“I need it!”
“Louder!”
“I need it, sir! Please! Allow me to serve! Show me how to be useful!”
The other men all stop lifting and glance toward us. A handful of them burst into laughter.
“Get on your knees. Show that you mean it.”
I sink to the floor at his feet while the other men watch. The chastity boys just stare on with emotionless expressions. It’s almost like they’re in a trance.

He drops his shorts and underwear, allowing his semi-hard dick to bob and sway. I grow a bit cross-eyed following the bloated purple tip from side to side. The slit is long and dilated—almost like there's an eye at the tip of his dick.

His shaft is coated in dark, delicate skin, but monstrous veins bulge beneath the surface. He's got a wiry bush of pubes at his base—doesn't look like he even trims.

He's a fucking animal.

"You've gotta suck the cock to seal the deal." Rick laces his fingers into my hair. "Do you know how many pussies this dick has fucked? Show that you respect that. Worship it."

He pulls my lips toward his tip, but he isn't gentle. He forces the bulb into my mouth, pressing it down on my tongue. Slick precum wets my

tastebuds with a salty, vaguely sweet flavor. It triggers something within me, and I
automatically begin nursing on the tube.
“Yeah, just like that, buddy. Only one of us has a cock. Only one of us will grow big and strong.”
“Guuurrrggghhh!”
He shoves deeper, advancing toward the back of my throat.
“You know, I was telling the truth about the chastity cage pumping you full of testosterone. Arousal works both
ways too—if a queer sucks and edges a man during a workout, it stimulates hormone production. The queers here do more than just fetch bottles of water. They tease and stimulate their men, allowing them to grow ever larger.
Worship increases a man’s physical

power.”
My eyes roll while I suck, glancing toward the other men. He’s right—I can see boners in their gym shorts.

Several of the chastity queers step forward and begin rubbing the cylinders. Some fall to their knees and kiss the
bulges.
I look back up at Rick. He’s so big and strong. From this angle, I can see the underside of his pecs. They’re like boulders hanging off a cliff.
His cock is swelling in my mouth. My tongue swirls while the shape solidifies. I can feel his dick transforming
with arousal.
Larger.
Larger.
Larger.

It reaches its full length as I struggle to stay latched on. I can barely get the upper half into my mouth.
But Rick doesn’t give a damn.
He forces my head down, ramming the cock into my narrow esophagus. My throat burns and stings while I try to pull back. He just holds me steady, letting out a grunt of approval. Wet gagging noises burst from my lips, causing him to finally relax.
I pull back, coughing and gasping for air. Tears of exertion flow down my cheeks.
“But you see, the difference between you and me is that I get release when I’m done working out. All the men here do. After a long day of training, we make our queers drink our seed. They absorb all the extra testosterone we
produced during the workout.”
“Sir…please feed it to me.” I gaze up

at him and give a weak smile. “Feed me your testosterone.”
“A performance-enhancing drug…a shame you’ll never actually get fit.” He laughs and shoves his dick back into my mouth. “But that’s ok. I like you fat and doughy. I want you to get even bigger for me. I want you to inflate
like a balloon!”
My mouth hangs open while he begins fucking into my throat. After that initial insertion, my gag reflex seems to be suppressed. He fucks hard and fast while I just go limp and allow it. I try to touch my dick, but the cage blocks it. It’s puffy and inflamed. It aches, but it also sings with joy.
Our moist, dirty sounds blend with the grunts of men lifting weights. They’re unfazed by this foul, degenerate act. It’s a common occurrence here. That’s why security is so tight. Nobody

can know about this secret exercise regimen.
Most people wouldn’t understand what we’re doing. They’d get the wrong idea.
Rick fucks and fucks until the underside of his dick twitches atop my tongue. I brace myself for the impending
release, and he soon delivers.
His cock tenses and relaxes while thick globs of semen blast into my throat. I try to guzzle it down, but his rapid fucking pulls the slime up onto my tongue, forcing me to examine his flavor. It’s salty and bitter. Maybe it’s because of all the red meat and protein powder, but it’s hardly pleasant.
No…maybe that’s not true.
I begin to salivate as the semen is whipped into a froth. It grows increasingly tolerable. It has smoky

under-
tones that I didn’t notice at first.
Yeah.
His cum tastes good.
Really good.
Better than any trashy hookup I had in the past.
“Yeah, bro. Just drink it down. It’s healthy. It’s good for you.” Rick’s body glistens with sweat as his dick spasms.
“Guuurgh…” I let out a wet gurgle in response.
We stay locked in this demeaning embrace until he’s fully unloaded into my body. His dick springs free, smacking against my cheek with a heavy thud. I suck down cum residue in my mouth while staring up into his emerald eyes.
“Thank you…sir.”
“You’re a great sucker, Skylar. I knew I picked a good boy.”

My heart flutters at his words.
“I tried my best for you…”

“I expect you to be here each and every morning. I want you by my side. We’re gonna accomplish incredible things here. I can feel it.”

A savory, delicious scent fills the air. With the utmost focus, I carefully spoon chicken and rice into a plastic container, sealing it shut.
This has become a regular morning ritual. It’s very important.
We’ve been doing this for several weeks now, and I’m beginning to see a difference. Rick is growing…I’m feed-
ing his muscles. Each morning, I cook him a protein-rich lunch and bring it to the gym. It’s one of the many ways I support his training.

When I’m in his presence, I strip down and stand at his side, my chastity cage fully exposed. He lifts and grows sweaty. I wipe him down.
And then the teasing begins. Whenever he hits the bench press, I kneel between his legs and kiss his bulge. I lavish it with affection, coaxing
it to grow big and strong. When he does bicep curls, I kiss his muscles while rubbing his cock. Admiring his body
like this stimulates testosterone production. We’re training together. Only one of us is meant to have muscles, but that’s ok.
Ever since I stopped lifting, I’ve been gaining more weight.
I put on fat. Rick puts on muscle.
Strange things have been happening to my cock. At first, I was horny as hell during our secret gym workouts.

My painful erections began weakening though. Over the past few days, they've ceased altogether. I'm still horny,
but it doesn't manifest physically. It's like something within me has broken. There's only one cock in my life anymore, and it's not mine…
I pack Rick's lunch in my bag and make my way to the gym. I've received my own VIP keycard, and I'm soon in
the underground chamber. Rick has already gotten to work, and I find him doing lat pulldowns near another beefy
jock and his naked homo.
"You're late!" Rick says between reps.
"S-sorry, sir."
I begin stripping down while taking in the powerful atmosphere. The air is thick with the smell of sweat. The

sound of weights clanging is music to my ears. I used to hate going to the gym, but now it’s becoming a second home.
“On your knees.” Rick rises.
I automatically obey, savoring the warm air flowing around my exposed body.
Grabbing a pair of dumbbells, Rick positions himself in front of me with his ass toward my face.
“Urgh!” His deep voice echoes off the gym mirrors.
He squats, shoving his ass in my face. He repeats the act over and over. Whenever his shorts make contact with my mouth, I give a loving kiss. He calls these “homosquats” and it’s one of the secret exercises he’s taught me. He gets a real kick out of making me kiss a dirty part of his body.
But in all honesty, I kinda like it. It’s too bad he’s wearing shorts though.

I’d love to feel his ass hair tickling my face…
I sit like this for dozens of reps, kissing as his shorts grow sweaty. The perspiration seeps through the fabric, creating a wide, wet outline of his asscrack.
All around me, the other queers engage in similarly degenerate acts. It’s a surreal sight to behold. The air is
dripping with sexuality. It’s dripping with masculinity.
Some straight guys think that any form of sexual contact with a man is emasculating, but that’s foolish. There’s
no greater display of power than making another man kneel for you. It’s the ultimate sign of dominance.
“Fuck, the glutes are on fire!” Rick stands and drops his weights. “And I’m starting to feel all those lat pull-

downs. Come give me a massage.”
He pulls off his damp tank top and sits on a bench. My eyes are glassy as I rise. My legs carry me forward like a robot. When I first came here, I thought it was odd how the queers seemed a bit distant, but now I understand.
The chastity cage keeps all this arousal bottled up. Our minds are clouded with sexuality.
And when a man can’t touch his penis, he seeks other forms of pleasure. He begins to crave approval from

larger, more powerful men. It feels so nice when Rick tells me I’m doing a good job. It’s almost like his words are
stroking my dick through the cage.
“You’re tight, sir.” I begin kneading into his dense muscles.

“Put your back into it. Really get in there.”
I push hard into the mounds of flesh jutting from his back. They’re firm, but they have a vague resistance if I press hard enough. His tan skin is drenched in sweat, and it allows my hands to glide over his muscles with ease.
My pudgy fingertips drift up to his shoulders. Striations are visible beneath the skin, giving the appearance of
parallel waves rolling atop the ocean. I press into the grooves, savoring the sound of Rick’s heavy breathing. I’m making him feel good…that makes me feel good too. We’re becoming connected.
It almost seems silly that I once wanted to date. What a waste of time.
Wouldn’t it be so much more

satisfying to stay bonded to Rick? Wouldn't that be a more productive endeavor?
When he fucks, he has the power to create life. What if I fed into that?
“Sir…could I ever be allowed to watch you with a girl? I’d love to see your cock in action.”
“Oh yeah?” He lets out a quiet laugh. “Sure. If you find me a hot slut, I’ll fuck her pussy and let you watch. I’ll even let you kiss the cock before I slide it inside. You’d be giving it your blessing.”
“Wow…”
My caged dick twitches. That hasn’t happened in quite a while.
“You’re getting good at following instructions, you know that?”
“Thank you, sir.”
“You see, a well-trained homo is a valuable asset to a man. You’re versatile and you can be trained and

molded.
It’s similar to how dogs can be trained to perform specialist tasks like guiding the blind or sniffing for drugs.
Queer boys can pick up skills if they’re given the right tasks.”
“The right tasks? What do you mean?”
“Every command I give is a learning opportunity. Think about it—you’ve become a better chef since we started
doing this. You’ve become better at giving massages. Hell, you’re even starting to recognize the most sensitive
pressure points on my dick. You’re developing skills that make you valuable to the man who owns you. You’re
becoming more refined with each passing day.”
“Sinking deeper…”

“Exactly. Boys like you need to be given frequent tasks to reach your full potential. Some of the men here make
their queers do their homework. Some make them clean their apartments. Some even command their boys to start
businesses.”
“Why would they want a homo to work and start a company?”
“Because the money all flows up to the man. These types of relationships can be positive. The homo gains use-
ful life skills while enriching his owner.”
“We should be grateful for the opportunity to serve.”
“Owning a loyal boy is a big responsibility. There’s a lot of power here, and it’s possible for straight men to de-
stroy queers if we aren’t careful.

Some guys do that for fun, but I think it’s a waste. Boys like you are useful. You
should be treasured and protected.”
I shove into his muscles while my eyes grow wide with wonder.
“You’re my protector now…?”
“Yeah, but don’t get the wrong idea. I still think you’re fucking nasty. I only use your mouth because it’s conve-
nient. At the end of the day, I’ll always prefer putting my dick in a wet pussy.”
“But what about my asshole, sir? I could open it for you if you want.”
“You’re an eager one.” He laughs.
“But fucking a homo is a big commitment. When you drink cum, the testos-
terone and other hormones soak into the absorbent lining of your mouth and throat. A lot of it is destroyed during

digestion though. If I fuck you in the ass, you'll be taking a bigger hit of those chemicals. A portion of the load will
seep through your permeable anal membrane. It can alter your body chemistry."
"You mean…an addiction?"
"Yeah. Your body grows accustomed to being fucked. You'll develop extreme cravings for the man who breeds
you. I'm not gonna start that process until I'm certain you're the boy I want."
"Please, sir! I'll prove myself!"

"It's one of nature's dirty secrets." He turns around to face me. "It's a natural bonding mechanism between men."
He grabs my shoulders and forces me

to the ground.
Instinctively, I pull down his shorts, setting his erect dick free. This is my favorite part of our workout sessions.
“I’ll show that I’m worthy of the bond. I’ll show more devotion than anyone you’ll ever meet.” I lean forward and begin kissing his cock.
“Good. Suck this big dick with passion. Make me want to keep you around.”
“Yes…sir.” I make out with his reproductive organ, working my way to the tip.
“And I’ll keep giving you tasks. I’ll help you grow. By the time we’re done, you’ll be a fucking robot designed specifically for me.”
“Property…master’s property.”
My stomach flutters as I speak the words.
“That’s right, buddy. Just shut down your brain and follow instructions. You’re a taskboy now.”

Mother of god.
What have I become?!
I stare at myself in my bathroom mirror, struggling to recognize the person looking back. Dark circles hang
under my eyes. A double chin jiggles like the neck of a turkey. Love handles sag over my pants, giving me the shape of a giant muffin.
When I first went to the gym, I thought I'd get fit. I never dreamed I'd only balloon larger. It's been three months now since I was locked into chastity, and it's been a downward spiral.
But these have also been the happiest months of my life.
Rick's control has only expanded over time. He explained it to me early on—there are three ways a queer can serve a man:

Financially.
Domestically.
Sexually.
Financially, my usefulness is a bit limited. I'm still just a college student, but my parents send me an allowance
for living expenses. I've started cutting back and eating cheaper food. I don't go out on the weekends anymore ei-
ther. All the money I'm saving is being funneled up to Rick to cover his supplements and gym expenses. Domestically, he's started bringing me back to his dorm to clean. I get on my hands and knees, scrubbing his bathtub and toilet. My caged little penis twitches whenever I scrub the area where Rick shits. His roommates are
all members of the gym too, and sometimes they bring their queers

over to cook and clean alongside me.
Sexually, I've become adept at stimulating my master's penis. I've found a region along the side of his cock
that's particularly sensitive. Like a sensual button, I press it to stimulate testosterone production while he exer-
cises. Like clockwork, I always open wide and accept his load when he finishes his workout. It makes me salivate.
I've grown to appreciate his semen like it's fine wine.
But…he still hasn't fucked me.
Despite all my hard work, he still isn't sure about claiming me long-term.
Day after day, I just commit to work-ing harder. I've thrown myself into this new life. Rick's cock…it's all that matters.
My friends and family have noticed.

They say I've seemed distant lately, but I don't mind. This would be impos-
sible to explain to them. They'd never understand the special bond I have with my personal trainer.
I get dressed and make my way to the gym. By the time I head downstairs and enter the VIP chamber, the place is already packed with beefy, shirtless studs. I've become familiar with many of them. Sometimes Rick makes me stay behind after he's left for the day. He loans me out to the other men, encouraging me to gain more cock-sucking experience. On my knees alongside the other homos, we worship masculinity. We kiss muscles and cocks
together, lavishing these muscle gods with the attention they deserve.
But none of them compare to my master.

Rick’s cum has a distinct flavor that I’d recognize anywhere. Most of these guys taste salty and bitter, but Rick has a unique smoky aftertaste that makes my head spin. His body produces semen that seems designed specif-
ically for me. I’m naturally attracted to the chemical composition.

It means we’re destined to be together like this.
It’s preordained by nature.
“There you are!” Rick approaches while I scan up and down his hard body.
We’ve both been getting larger. I gain fat while he gains muscle. We’re growing together.
His lats bulge beneath his white tank top, pulling the fabric taut and showcasing his inverted triangle

shape.
His firm nipples and shredded abs poke beneath the fabric, practically begging me to touch and kiss.
“Hello, master.” I lower my eyes in respect.
“Get naked. You know your chastity cage is the only exercise gear you need.”
“Yes. Of course.”
I strip down, watching my body jiggle as I move. I haven’t been able to see my caged dick in months. Not that it matters though. It rarely gets hard anymore. It just kinda hangs off my body like a useless appendage. I’ve no-
ticed something strange though. When I get aroused, my dick stays soft but my asshole reflexively twitches. It’s a
new physical response that I don’t fully understand.

“Damn! Look at that!” Rick grabs one of my fluffy pecs, squeezing and rotating his hand like he’s turning a doorknob. “You’re turning into a monster, Skylar! Fucking huge!”
“So are you, sir.”
Several of the men nearby snicker.
“Turn around. Let me see the ass.”
I do as he says, flinching as he grips my asscheeks and spreads them apart.
“Bro! It’s getting all red!”
“W-what do you mean?”
“Your asshole—it looks like a rosebud.”
“I-I’m sorry…” My cheeks flush.
“No! This is good! It kinda looks like a pussy.” He turns to one of his gym bros. “Yo! Come look at this.”
His friend comes over and peers down at my exposed hole.
“Yeah. It’s swollen on the sides. It has pussy lips,” he says.

“Guys! Come check this out!” Rick shouts, beckoning the entire gym to come look at the most private part of my body.
I sweat with anxiety as everyone gathers around. Laughter fills the cavernous space.
“Rick, you fucked him up. You made him grow a pussy,” one of the guys says.
“Yeah, I’ve actually heard about this.” Rick crouches down to examine the hole up close. “If a chastity queer gets horny enough, blood flow from his cock can divert to his ass. It becomes a boypussy.”
I grimace.
“Damn! I wish my homo had a butt like that!” One of the men slaps his naked queer on the ass. “You’re lucky,
Rick.”
“Huh. I guess I am.” He rises and folds

his arms. “Maybe I misjudged you, Skylar. Maybe you have what it takes after all.”
“Sir!” I turn around and look up at him. “Do you mean…?”
“Yeah…I think we need to do some bonding.” He reaches out and cups my cheek. “You’ve been working so hard for me, and now your body is starting to show it. Your flab is a sign of devotion. Your boypussy is a sign of
loyalty.”
“Master…I need it. I need the bond. Please make me yours! Please keep me by your side!” I collapse to my knees, gazing up at him with pleading eyes.
“Do it, Rick. Give him what he needs.” One of the gym bros begins fondling himself through his shorts.
Everyone stays gathered around, forming a circle as Rick begins

stripping down. I just stare in awe as his flaw-
less body is revealed. The sight of his musculature causes the world to fade away. My vision goes a bit unfocused. My mouth automatically salivates. My asshole twitches.
I've been physically conditioned for this.
"You know, this dick has fucked half the cheerleading squad at school. You should feel honored to accept it, Skylar. It's in high demand." Rick spits into his palm and slathers the liquid onto his cock.
"Yes, master. Such an honor. I'm so grateful." The words pour from my lips, but I can't help thinking about my

family. What would my father think of what his son has become? No parent

hopes their son ends up with a boy-pussy.
But that doesn’t matter.
Rick understands me. He doesn’t judge me. He accepts me for who I am.
“Please, sir. Make it yours.” On my hands and knees, I reach back and spread my asscheeks.
Rick crouches to the gym floor while everyone watches. He presses a hand against my back, forcing my chest down onto the ground. Using his free hand, he pulls my hips up, forcing me to arch into a slutty, feminine posture. It’s uncomfortable, but I don’t care. If it pleases him, then it pleases me.
“Gotta get it nice and slick.” Rick spits into my crack.
He massages the liquid onto my red, swollen rim. The sensitive nerves light up, forcing the opening to twitch

and squirm. The way the hole clamps and relaxes on its own…it’s almost sentient. My boypussy has its own per-
sonality.
I relax into it.
His deep, sensual massage causes my body to unwind. It causes my thoughts to slow as my boypussy takes control. Some people say that men think with their dicks. It’s different for chastity boys though. We think with our
pussies.
“Nice and slow.” Rick places his thumb at the center of my hole and pushes.
There’s a moment of resistance before his wide, stubby digit pops past my boypussy lips. They gobble him up, tightening and relaxing like a mouth munching on a snack. My vision blurs for a moment as I struggle to compre-

hend the sensation. The rim has a slight burn, but it’s not painful at all. When I’ve been fucked by dudes in the
past, it always hurt at first. Now though…penetration leaves me unfazed. The chastity cage has prepped me for
this. My sexual arousal…it’s traveled to my asshole.
My dick is useless, but my hole is enhanced.
It’s a new sex organ.
“Oooohhh…sir! I love it!” A goofy smile stretches across my face.
“Damn right you do!”
The crowd laughs, but I barely even hear them. I’m like a horse with blinders. I’m laser-focused on the task at
hand.
“Thank you for training me, master…”

“Of course. You’ve become so perfect. Fat and jiggly—plenty of padding for when I fuck you. You’re hilarious to look at now, you know that? Your fat rolls show that you belong to me.”
“My body…is yours.”
He throws his head back and laughs while extracting his thumb.
Propping himself up on one knee, he inserts the head of his cock between my asscheeks.
“Beg for it, you fat fuck!”
“Please, sir! Please fuck me with your big cock! I’ll please it just like the cheerleaders. My pussy won’t even get
pregnant!”
“Exactly. Guys like you are so useful. The perfect tool for easy release.”
He applies pressure, forcing his cockhead past my dirty pussy lips. They open wide, accepting him with grat-

itude. His mushroom cap pops in easily, causing a dull burn to flare up. I feel something else too—a stretch. A heavy, filling sensation, his cock spreads the rim wide. It reminds me of the stretches we used to do back when he was teaching me how to exercise. It’s deep and pleasing. He’s exercising my hole. He’s making it big and
strong.
“Urgh!” A dazed grunt escapes my lips.
“Shhh…Just clear your mind.” He shoves down against my lower back, forcing it to arch further.
His hard cock slips deeper inside my body while the men around us drop their shorts. Their big, swinging dicks burst free, and their homos set to work. They suck and kiss the cocks while the men simply stare at me, tak-

ing in the sight of a young male being claimed by another.
This is such a deep and primal act. The way my hole clamps and relaxes against his shaft…it’s begging him to go deeper. My brain is executing a set of instructions given to me by nature. This is how I can prove my worth to larger men. I’ve just gotta shut up and open my hole.

“My trainer…” I mutter.
“Your mentor. Your owner.” He inches his cock ever deeper.
Wet, dirty sounds echo as the sexual aura escalates.
He finally reaches his base, holding the position while my asshole spasms. It’s an intense fullness that causes my entire body to feel hot. My caged little nub is fully limp, but my hole is alive with excitement. Deep inside, I

can
feel his cock applying pressure to my prostate. It sends a rush of joy flowing into my core. Straight guys are repulsed by the act of accepting a dick, but guys like me crave it. Straight brains just work differently than queer
brains, and that’s a good thing. If a homo is obedient and trained properly, then we complement each other. We’re
meant to be together like this. There’s a place in the world for guys like me. And it’s right here, on my hands and knees with my boypussy held high.
“Fuck it, master. Please fuck the hole!” I struggle to get the words out.
“Such a pervert.” He snickers before extracting and ramming back in.
“Eeep!” A tiny squeal leaves my mouth as I lurch forward.
He repeats the act over and over,

gradually working into a fast fuck. The men around us seem invigorated by the sight. They let out grunts and encourage their homos to suck harder and deeper.
Smacking noises ring out whenever his hard lower abdomen hits my gelatinous ass. As the saying goes, an ass
like mine just means more cushion for the pushin'.
And I've got plenty of cushion for his hulking physique.
Like a beast in heat, he collapses onto me. His ripped, striated forearms wrap around my fat pecs, squeezing
me into a bizarre sort of hug.
"Yeah, tubby! You did all my tasks. You did them so well you inflated like a balloon! You grew a boypussy!"
"Yes, master. I'm your taskboy. Your perfect taskboy. I do what you say. I never ask questions…never ask ques-

tions…never ask questions…”
“Just obedience. Pure, absolute obedience.”
My wild eyes roll in my skull while he grinds and humps. My boypussy screams with delight while my caged dick flops back and forth. The erotic glow in my prostate only grows more powerful as his cock saws over the region. He’s fucking me better than any man I’ve ever known. He’s using me for his pleasure. I’m an object.
We’ve grown emotionally tethered. His pleasure is my pleasure. I want him to use me. I want him to work my body like he’s a pump and I’m an oilfield. He needs to extract every last drop of satisfaction.
“I…I don’t have a cock,” I whisper.
“You locked it up. You took it away from me.”
“I set you free. I took away all your worries. I made life so simple. So

pure.”
“Yes…yes…yesssssss!”
His words seep into my brain, triggering something surreal.
My cock twitches in its cage while my pussy rim clamps around his shaft. I can’t see my cock beneath my huge, swinging stomach, but I can feel moisture. Have I sprung a leak?
I crane my head, looking at the ground in absolute terror.
Beads of yellowish cum are dripping onto the floor.
My soft cock is ejecting lust.
I don’t have time to process the sight.
Extreme, mind-melting waves of euphoria crash over my body, sucking me into a whirlpool of pleasure. I go completely limp while my hole tightens and relaxes, massaging his massive
dick.
“Oh fuck, that’s perfect!” Rick’s deep

voice vibrates against my back. “A boypussy orgasm! Your body just can’t
hold back anymore! It’s showing how much you love me!”
“Guuuhhh…?” I let out a depraved noise.
Perhaps he’s right. Is this what love looks like? The one-sided love a chastity boy has for his keyholder?
It doesn’t matter.
I just let go, accepting this divine gift. My hole works Rick’s cock while his fucking accelerates. The orgasm seems to be contagious. My body is beg-
ging him to plant his seed.
And he delivers.
Ramming to his base, he clutches me against his chest with a painful level of force. I’m trapped in a muscular

cage. I’m being pumped with gym bro testosterone.
Gym bro protein.
Whatever excess he has, it goes into me. I’m a goddamn receptacle for semen now. What’s this gonna do? Will
it fuck me up? Will it really leech into my body and promote loyalty?
The gym spins while his frenzied thrusts meld with my own orgasm. All around us, I can hear queers sucking loads from men. The air is heavy with the humid stench of sweat and cum.
We grind like this for what feels like hours, though I know that’s not possible. The intensity of this experience
has warped my sense of time. I can barely even remember where I am.
But almost as fast as it begins, it ends.
My soft dick spews its last droplet,

causing the convulsions in my boypussy to subside. Rick's pace slows as
he fully empties inside me. It's strange though…I still feel horny. Before chastity, I'd have zero arousal after cum-
ming. Now though, I feel no different. I love how his cock feels inside me. It's still a nice, filling stretch.
An anal orgasm has no refractory period. I'll be horny forever…
What a gift.
Rick relaxes his grip and sits up, letting his erection pop from my ass. It flings cum while I collapse onto the floor. If he wants to go another round, I'm sure he'd be able to trigger another orgasm for me. I have unlimited
sexuality to give. This is the blessing of chastity.
"Goddamn! That was a great fuck!"

He wipes sweat from his brow while the other men wind down as well.
“Rick! What is this?!” A deep, unfamiliar voice pierces the air.
We all turn to see a tall, beefy man wearing a polo shirt with the gym’s logo on it. There’s a little nametag labeled “CRAIG” attached to the fabric.
He’s old and wrinkled, but his physique is built like a brick wall. A thin scowl
is visible beneath his silver goatee.
And there’s someone behind him.
A lithe, almost dainty, blond man walks in his shadow. Wearing formfitting clothes and thick-rimmed glasses,
he’s got slender eyebrows and immaculate hair. He gives off a seriously gay vibe.
“Oh! Um…” Rick leaps to his feet, his still-hard cock bouncing. An uncharacteristic look of

embarrassment
flashes across his face.
“I made you the manager of my gym, and this is what you’ve done?!” Craig approaches and looks down at me. There’s a simultaneous look of disgust and concern in his eyes. I must look vile. Just a sweaty heap of flesh lying in its own semen.
“I was just breeding my queer like you taught me!” Rick glances away.
All around us, the men quickly wrap up their sexual escapades and stand at attention. Craig…this guy must own the gym.
And that means the guy behind him is probably his queer.
“This is NOT how you train properly!” The blond guy glares at Rick.
Yep. With a voice like that, this dude is definitely Craig’s homo. There’s probably a chastity cage under those tight jeans.

“Yeah, Rick. I’m disappointed in you.” Craig scans the crowd. “All of you, in fact. Your chastity boys are out of shape. You’ve been neglecting them.”

There’s tension in the air. It’s like a teacher just walked into a classroom, only to find the students shooting spitballs and misbehaving.

“B-but, Dad…” Rick’s voice grows quiet.

My eyes widen. The gym owner is Rick’s…father?

“Shut up! You’ve owned pets before. You know they need to be nurtured. Once you’ve started fucking a homo, it’s a long-term bond. If you fatten him up like this, he’s not gonna last long. It’ll slow him down and limit his usefulness.”

I look at my bulging belly. He’s not wrong.

“Yeah, I understand, Dad…”

“All of you need to get your shit together if you’re gonna use my gym. I want you to reach your full potential as
men, and that means having top-tier support. You deserve to be served by only the highest quality chastity queers.
Train them. Refine them. Mold them in your own image. These are lasting bonds and need to be treated as such.”

Craig puts his hands on his hips and scowls.
“A healthy boy is a happy boy,” I whisper.
“Yeah, exactly!” He looks down at me. “This one gets it!”
“Alright, alright…” Rick nudges me with his foot. “Get up, Skylar. It’s time to burn off that lard.”

“Yes, sir.” I rise, my knees quivering with post-fuck fatigue.
“We can start with simple dumbbell curls. Come with me, buddy.” He throws an arm around my sweaty shoul-
ders. “Let’s get to work.”

Locked by the Personal Trainer

“Damn, Skylar! Look at those fat rolls—they jiggle!”
“W-what?!” My arms quiver as I struggle to lift the dumbbell.
“I’m motivating you, bro! Don’t you wanna look like this?” The suntanned college athlete flexes his bicep, causing an orb to emerge beneath his skin. A vein bulges from the side, highlighting the curvature and guiding my eyes onto his thick shoulder. His black tank top is tight, hugging his pecs and hard nipples.
His name is Rick, and he’s an asshole.
But I need his help.
I just started my second year at the university, and I’m still single. I recently came out as gay, but that didn’t change much. My pale, obese body isn’t valued on the sexual marketplace. I’ve struggled to find dates, and I’ve been scrolling sleazy hookup apps instead. The guys I’ve met were so horny they’d fuck a rock if they could. I was just a tool for their pleasure. I’m lucky I didn’t get any diseases.
I’m trying to change though. Rick is my same age, and we

share classes together. He recently got his personal training certification, and he’s been bragging about it nonstop. I decided to ask him for help. I want to burn off these gelatinous rolls of flesh. I want to look hot…or at least average.

And the fact that I’m doing this with Rick shows that I’m serious. This guy is insufferable. He’s on the university football team, and he’s the quintessential straight jock. He’s loud, overconfident, and swimming in cheerleader pussy. He’s the kind of guy I’ve always hated being around. We have nothing in common.

His free time is spent on the football field and in the local gym where he works.

My free time is spent at home drawing on my tablet. I have a pretty big online following for my anime-styled artwork.

“C’mon, bro! You’ll be fat forever if you don’t push harder!” He smacks my belly.

“Urgh!” I let out a strained noise as I finally lift the weight.

“Nice job!” He puts his hands on his hips. “Now do that a few thousand more times, and you’ll be pulling in plenty of pussy.”

“Um…” I set the dumbbell on the floor and glance toward the little rainbow pin on my gym bag.

“Ooooh! That’s right! You’re a homo!” His face becomes serious. “My bad.”

“It’s fine.” I give an awkward smile.

Truth be told, I’m still extremely self-conscious about this. People think that coming out is a one-time thing, but the reality is that it never ends. Each time someone finds out, it’s like reliving that first big announcement. It’s endless, and it’s tiring.

“So you hook up with dudes?”

“Uh…yeah.” I look away. He’s probably disgusted.
“Whatever. As long as you don’t hit on me, we’re cool.”
“R-right.”
I’d normally be annoyed by a comment like that. Just because I’m gay doesn’t mean I’d automatically find him attractive.
But this case is different.
Rick has the body of a god.
He’s shaped like a tortilla chip. His wide, blocky shoulders trace down to a tiny waist. Beneath his tank top, his ripped abs bulge like kernels on an ear of corn. His brown shorts give way to hairy, thick thighs with visible muscle separation. His calves are no different—sharp, full, and dripping with power.
His arms are my favorite though. Those biceps possess an extreme curvature that’s only enhanced by his tan skin. His forearms are tight with a light dusting of brown hair running over the visible veins.
And his face…sharp and blocky, he looks like he was chiseled by a master sculptor. Bushy brown eyebrows rest above his vibrant green eyes. His sleek hair is cropped short, shining in the fluorescent light of the gym.
It’s impossible not to be attracted to all that. I’m sure he’s had other guys hitting on him since he was in high school. He must be used to the gay gaze.
“Let’s call it a day,” he says. "You’ve got a long road ahead of you, but I’ll get you there. Just put your trust in me, and you’ll find what you need."
“Thanks, man.”
Rick goes to his next training appointment while I head to the locker room. As I move, I realize there’s something hard in my pants.
My cock.
Ugh…how long have I been hard? Did he notice? Probably

not. He wouldn’t be able to resist making fun of me for that.
I shove my hand into my pocket to hide the boner as I enter the locker room. Even after changing clothes, my dick still refuses to calm down. I end up waddling out of the building, desperately trying to conceal it. I don’t want to be “that guy” at the gym. That’s fucking gross.
Maybe I should get off my high horse though. By most people’s standards, I’m probably a pervert. My porn collection is vast and extensive. Growing up closeted, porn was the only way for me to experience some semblance of intimacy. Hardcore movies…erotica…audio porn…adult video games…my tastes are refined. I’m a porn connoisseur.
By the time I get back to my dorm, my boner has only grown hungrier. I keep thinking back to when Rick flexed his arm. That’s the closest I’ve ever been to a straight guy’s flexed muscles. What would it be like to touch it? In some of my porn videos, they do a thing called “muscle worship”. One guy flexes while another guy just touches and kisses the muscles. It’s a sign of admiration. It’s an appreciation of power and beauty.
It's a sign of loyalty.
Kissing another man’s body…it shows a sort of acceptance. You’re giving yourself to his power. It’s a physical display of respect and devotion.
I slip into my room and lock the door. Flopping down on my bed, I pull a tub of Albolene from a drawer. It’s a makeup remover, but it’s also the best masturbation lube in existence. I can jack off for hours with this shit, and it never dries out.
“Oh fuck.” My eyes flutter as I slather it over my dick. “Just what I needed…”
Pleasure radiates from my cock as I pump up and down. I

usually cum at least twice a day—once in the morning and once at night. If I have a hot encounter during the day, then that number bumps up to three. Sometimes I wonder if there's something wrong with me. Sex is constantly on my mind. It's been this way since my early teenage years. Pumping on my dick…it's more than just a hobby. It's a passion.

Sometimes my cock gets chafed, and I have to go a day or two without jacking off. It's a rough experience. There's nothing worse than an extended dry spell. I don't know how people function without regularly blowing their loads. It doesn't even seem possible to me.

Up and down. I fondle my dick, losing myself in a spiral of bliss. Yeah…this is perfect. Things are looking up in my life. I'm gonna get fit. I'm gonna get dates.

And I'm gonna get to see Rick's physique every afternoon.

Now that's some serious workout motivation. Maybe someday he'll let me touch his muscles. That'd be a beautiful thing.

No…I shouldn't get carried away. Straight guys like him are trouble. He'd probably beat the shit out of me if I ever made a move. This is the curse I was born with—forever attracted to guys who are disgusted by my existence. If only there was a way to make him like me…

But that's just a fantasy.

It's impossible.

"What's in there?" I point to a door at the back of the gym.

The words "VIP ACCESS ONLY" are printed in bold red letters. There's an electronic lock near the handle. A keycard is required for entry.

"Oh, that's the back room." Rick shrugs. "It's for guys

who are more serious about lifting—amateur bodybuilders, mostly.”
“Huh, interesting.” I follow him toward the dumbbell rack and set my bag down. “So, what’s the plan for today?”
“I want to try something new. Follow me.”
He leads me down a hall toward the restrooms. He opens the men’s room door and beckons me inside.
“Wait, what?”
“Come inside!”
My brows furrow, but I do as he says. The place seems to be empty. It’s just us, the urinals, and a bunch of empty stalls.
“Why are we here?”
“Needed some privacy. After yesterday, I started thinking…” He looks up and down my pudgy body while he speaks. “We should change our approach. If you’re a queer, then we can modify the exercise regimen.”
“Dude, what the fuck?!” I step back and scowl. “Is that supposed to be a joke?!”
“No, not at all.” His eyes are wide and innocent. “I’m serious. You guys are a bit different. You aren’t like straight men. You have unique needs.”
“W-what do you mean?”
“Well, most straight guys go to the gym to get pussy. That’s the big motivator. For a queer though, you have the benefit of being turned on by muscles. If your personal trainer is down for it, he can use his body to motivate you!”
He does a cocky bicep flex, causing that tight muscle to bulge again.
The sight sends a burst of adrenaline into my bloodstream.
“M-motivation…?”
“Yeah. Check this out.”

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a glittering little tube. Fashioned with chrome bars, the cylinder is closed off at one end. On top, a tiny padlock is affixed. It's a weird sort of device. Is it supposed to be attached to the weightlifting equipment?
"What is it?"
"A chastity cage. It's built for boys like you."
"Chastity?" My nose crinkles.
"Yeah! Like, you put your dick inside and it stops you from touching it."
"What?! Why would someone do that?"
"Think about it—if you're wearing this cage, you can't jack off. You'll come to the gym every day feeling horny. When you see my muscles, it'll give you a boost. You'll have so much adrenaline pumping through your veins that you'll be able to lift anything! This will allow us to push your body past its limit."
"Oh…I guess that makes sense."
"C'mon, fatty." He smacks my belly, causing it to jiggle. "I'm trying to help you here. If you use the cage, your body will transform! You'll become perfect."
"I mean, I could use all the help I can get." I look down at my stomach. "You won't tell anyone about this, right?"
"Don't worry. It can be just for us."
I look up into his eyes while my stomach flutters. Maybe I was wrong about Rick after all. Maybe he really is just looking out for me. He wants me to reach my full potential.
"A-alright. Maybe we can try it." I glance away, my heart pounding.
"Sick, bro! This is more common than you realize. Queers need to do things a bit differently, but there's nothing wrong with that."
"I…I thought you didn't like guys like me. I thought you

were disgusted…”
“What?! No way!” Genuine surprise flashes across his face. “Homos are great! They’re a bit weird and sometimes kinda gross, but they’re useful. For as long as I can remember, they’ve been drawn to me. Like flies to honey, they can’t stay away. It’s kinda nice, honestly.”
“Woah…really?”
“Yeah! I’ve even had gay guys at school offer to pay for my bodybuilding supplements. You guys are great!”
“Wow.” My mind reels, trying to process what he just said.
Did he just describe gay guys as…useful?
“Come over here.” He grabs my arm and pulls me into one of the stalls, slamming it shut and flipping the lock. “Take your pants off. Let’s get the cage on.”
“Ok…” My shaky fingers slip into my gym shorts, pulling the elastic waistband low.
My dick flops out. At least it’s not hard this time. That’s a relief.
“Damn! Look at that!” Rick grips my dick between his thumb and forefinger. “It’s so thin! Not very long either.”
“Yeah. I mean, it’s probably below average.” My cheeks turn red.
“No worries. The cage will still work. Just relax for me, alright? This will feel a bit weird at first.”
I hold my breath as he pulls on my dick, inserting the cockhead into the chastity cage. The metal is hot from being in his pocket. As it slides down my shaft, I can feel his body heat absorbing into my tender flesh. The bars are tight and rigid. It’s a twisted, unnatural sensation that fills me with anxiety.
But I remain motionless, frozen in place while he proceeds.
Squishing my soft dick up against my abdomen, he takes

a tiny glimmering key from his pocket and slides it into the padlock. It clicks, affixing the cage in place.
He lets go.
My eyes widen.
There’s a heavy downward pressure as the cage hangs off my body, but that’s not the most frightening aspect. My cock…it’s disappeared. My caged dick is hidden beneath my overweight belly. I can’t see it. It’s like I don’t even have a dick anymore.
Out of sight…out of mind.
No.
I can feel it. That tight, warm pressure is omnipresent. Even when my clothes are on, I’ll still feel the cage. It’s a mark left on my body by my personal trainer.
“Well, what do you think?” he asks.
“I…I don’t know. It’s tight.”
“That’s good. We want a snug fit.” He reaches down and grabs his tank top, pulling it off his body. “Let’s test it.”
I stare stunned as his tan skin glows in the fluorescent lighting. His physique is hard and angular, each muscle toned to perfection. This is a body crafted through training with teammates on the football field. This is a physique refined through long hours in the gym pumping iron. A body like this…I’ll never have it.
I’m a marshmallow. He’s a grilled, protein-rich steak.
“Go ahead, buddy. Touch my abs. That’s what your kind likes, right?” He grabs my wrist and pulls my palm onto his stomach.
My skin makes contact with the smoldering flesh. It’s like touching a freshly hardened volcanic rock—firm, smooth, and radiating heat. The sensation triggers something in my brain. My eyes glaze over. My pulse slows.
I step closer.
Without speaking, I glide my hand along the contours of

his abs, tracing up to his pecs. Those hard nipples scrape against my fingertips, sending a shudder down my spine. But my cock…it feels weird.
It’s plumping up, but backed-up blood flow is coalescing near the base. My heart is trying to force it into my cock, but there’s nowhere for it to go. A raw, angry pain manifests. My dick aches, desperately begging me to remove the device. I’m touching a straight man’s body. I’m admiring his flawless physique. My cock wants to get hard to this. It needs it.
“R-Rick…maybe you could take it off just for a bit?” I look up into his eyes.
“But we’re just getting started. If you can’t even handle this, then you’ll never reach your full potential.”
“I…I guess you’re right.”
“Don’t worry. My job as your trainer is to keep you on the right path. I’m your keyholder now. The male sex drive is a powerful thing. It can influence behavior. The man who holds the key to your chastity cage holds the key to your brain.”
“R-Rick…are you sure about this? People really do this to lose weight?”
“Shhh…relax for me.” He lifts his arm, displaying his sweaty armpit. “And don’t call me Rick anymore. Address me with some fucking respect!”
He grabs the back of my head and pulls my face toward the wet nest of brown hair. It’s matted with so much sweat that the long strands look black. He forces my nose into them while I flinch and squirm. I try to pull back, but he holds me in his iron grip.
My lungs expand, gasping in shock.
His pit stench wafts into my body.
Aggressive and sour, the smell causes me to gag. He smears my face around like I’m a stick of deodorant.

Bathing me in sweat…it’s a perverse baptism—a way to mark me.
But I allow it.
Something about this smell…it makes it difficult to think clearly. The bathroom seems to spin while I huff more of the acrid musk. With each breath, my caged cock grows more painful. It’s responding to his scent. My body wants to get hard, but my brain knows it’s impossible. There’s a physical and mental disconnect here. It’s agonizing. Why is he doing this to me?!
“You thought I was disgusted by queers, Skylar? Hardly. Your kind are precious. Don’t get me wrong, most of you are nasty fuckers. When trained properly though, you can be trusty companions. Like a dog or a horse, you’re fiercely loyal.”
“Guuurgh!” A dazed gurgle leaves my mouth.
“I realized at an early age the power I have over you perverts. Making you do my homework. Making you wash my car. Making you pay for my gym membership. The possibilities are endless. Hell, a few years back, one of my old coaches got on his knees for me. Can you believe that?!”
“Urrrggghhh…”
“Other straight guys have always looked to me for leadership. Women have looked to me for protection. Queers though…they needed something much deeper. They looked to me for purpose.”
“Porposh?” I mumble while huffing his pit fumes.
“Yeah. One of my old teachers explained it to me. We’re no different than animals. Everyone has an innate place in the tribe. Boys like you are at the bottom. You’re drawn to the men who breed. You can feel it in your bones. The men you’ve always admired…they’ve always been straight.”

I struggle to focus on his words, but he’s right. Growing up, I was pushed around and bullied by jocks like him. As I aged, I grew resentful…but there was always an attraction beneath the surface.
“P-please teach me, sir!”
He just laughs and pushes, sending me tumbling to the piss-stained floor.
“One whiff of the pits, and you queers lose your fucking minds!” A sadistic grin spreads across his face. “Don’t take it too seriously though, Skylar. That was just to test the chastity cage, remember?”
“Oh…um, yeah!” I give an awkward laugh.
“Now c’mon, let’s go lift. Get your clothes on.”
“Y-yes, sir!” I scramble to my feet and begin getting dressed.
“You know, there’s another benefit to the cage when it comes to lifting—testosterone production. When you’re horny as fuck, your balls will be churning out testosterone. It’ll help you build muscle.”
“I’m lucky to be a queer…”
“Exactly! Now you’re getting it! There are some major perks in your life. You’ve just gotta learn to recognize them.”
“Thanks for the lesson…”
Staring at the ground, I follow Rick out into the gym.
We begin our usual lift routine, starting with shoulders and biceps. I can feel the cage in my underwear. My dick is still puffy and horny, and it adds a new level of discomfort to exercising. Rick said this would pump me full of adrenaline, and he was right. My limbs are jittery. Something odd is happening though. It’s hard to focus. My thoughts are going in a million different directions, and I find myself automatically doing whatever exercises Rick tells me to. I’m so turned on and anxious…it’s

difficult to think.
But maybe that’s why I have a trainer. He’s here to think for me…
“Phew! Alright! That was a solid workout.” Rick drops the dumbbells he was lifting alongside me. “I’m looking forward to tomorrow.”
“Yeah…me too.”
“Here, take this. It’s your homework.”
He grabs his tank top and pulls it over his head. Damp with sweat, it peels off his dark skin. He holds the heavy fabric out to me while I just stare with confusion.
“What…?”
“It’s another training method. When you go to sleep tonight, I want you to put your head inside the tank top. While you sleep, air will filter through the fabric and pull pheromones into your body. It’s a way for you to absorb a stronger man’s focus and strength. It’ll put you in the right mindset for our next session tomorrow.”
I raise an eyebrow while reaching out and grabbing the warm, wet fabric. That sounds like bullshit, but whatever. This gym is a weird place. They teach their trainers some awfully unconventional techniques.
That’s probably what I need though. I’ll do anything to burn off a few pounds.
“Alright. Thanks, Rick—I mean, sir.”
“Sure thing, buddy.”
I leave the gym and head back to my dorm. I slip into my room and lock the door behind me. This is usually when I’d boot up my laptop and start a marathon porn session, but that’s not an option anymore.
Fear washes over me.
Holy shit.
I let a dude lock up my cock. He has the key. Another man has the key to my dick.

That’s fucked up.
It seemed so reasonable when he was there in front of me, but now it seems absurd. I can’t stop thinking about what he said—gay guys are “useful” and can be loyal like a horse. He’s been using them his entire life. He certainly knew how to influence me. It’s kinda scary. When I sniffed his pits, things got weird. I was so dizzy and happy.
I spend the rest of the day doing homework, but I don’t make much progress. My mind keeps wandering back to Rick’s body. It’s hard to focus like this.
Eventually, I give up. It’s late now and the stars are twinkling outside. I might as well turn in for the night. What an unproductive day.
Once I’ve changed into my pajamas, I open my bag and extract the tank top. It vibrates in my quivering hands. The fabric is still damp with a football jock’s sweat. This is nasty. I shouldn’t play along with this.
But one whiff couldn’t hurt.
I raise the fabric to my nose and inhale.
Woah.
The scent hits me like a brick wall.
Bitter. Heavy. Strong. It’s like burnt coffee.
My caged dick pulses while blood flows to my groin. I ache with desire as I take another hit of scent. Fuck… what’s wrong with me?! I’m disgusting. I’m a pervert.
Flopping onto my bed, I slip under the covers. Like Rick instructed, I shove my head inside the tank top, allowing the moist fabric to shroud me like a wedding veil.
My lungs expand, pulling the stale musk into my body. Like huffing gas fumes, it causes my head to spin. A sense of relaxation overtakes my sore muscles, inducing a state of docility. So calm…so relaxed…
All the anxiety I’ve felt today drifts away. My caged dick is still sore, but it becomes almost comforting. The cage

is giving my penis a little hug. It’s keeping it safe and cozy.
Yeah…I’ve been worrying too much. Rick has more experience with gay dudes than I ever will. I should just trust his guidance.
He’s so strong…so…masculine.
My thoughts grow sluggish as I slide into a deep, dreamless sleep.

“Well, how was it?” Rick stands beside me in the gym locker room. “Did it smell good?”
“Um…yeah.” I hand him his dirty tank top while my cheeks glow red.
It’s natural that a homo would enjoy a man’s scent, but it feels pervy to say it out loud. Rick doesn’t seem to mind though. In fact, he seems happy that I like his aroma. He wears a wide, cocky grin.
“And the cage, how’s it feeling?”
“Better, sir. My cock isn’t as sore. I haven’t had a boner all morning.”
“Yeah, you’ll find that over time, you’ll get fewer and fewer erections. That’s a normal side effect of the cage.”
“It’s weird…I can’t see my dick anymore. My stomach is in the way.”
“Sorry about that, tubby.” He smacks my belly through my shirt. “You’re not alone though.”
“What do you mean?”
“Chastity training is a special program this gym is known for. I’ve been hesitant to show you, but I think you’re ready to see it. Follow me.”
Rick leaves the locker room, and I follow from behind. He leads into the gym and takes me to the door in the back reading “VIP ACCESS ONLY”. Pulling a keycard from his pocket, he holds it over the reader. A beeping noise rings

out while a tiny green light flashes.
“Oh, you said this is where the bodybuilders train, right?”
“Yeah. Bodybuilders and college athletes. I’ve recruited some of my teammates.”
He pushes the door open and ushers me inside.
It’s just a stairwell.
Concrete stairs twist down into the earth while fluorescent lights shine overhead. It’s completely unremarkable.
“A basement?” I ask as we begin the descent.
“Yeah. The gym charges athletes a lot of money to come down here. For boys like you though, it’s free.”
My brows furrow. That doesn’t make any sense.
We pass down several flights of stairs until arriving at another “VIP ACCESS ONLY” door far beneath the gym. Conspicuous security cameras are positioned overhead, the lenses pointing directly at me. Rick scans his badge to gain access, but this door also has a fingerprint reader. It’s like we’re going inside a bank vault. What’s with all the security?
But as I step through the door, things begin to make more sense.
“What the hell…?”
I stand frozen, my eyes scanning the room.
It’s a long, wide space filled with top-of-the-line workout equipment. Young, muscular men are spread throughout, filling the space with a chorus of grunts. The ceiling is painted a soothing, minty shade of green. Cove lighting adorns the perimeter, giving a dash of modern elegance. The walls are made entirely of mirrors, causing the underground chamber to appear infinitely large. There are even pedestals in the corners, each supporting a large vase packed with fragrant white flowers. If I didn’t know better, I’d think I was at a wellness spa.

But none of that is what causes me to freeze up.
Each of the shirtless athletes has a partner with a very different body type. They're either dangerously thin or morbidly obese. They're completely naked.
And they wear chastity cages.
Like butlers waiting on the lord of a manor, they stand at attention holding towels and water bottles. The athletes barely seem to notice them, and the assistants all just stare into the distance with glassy eyes. The sight is bizarre. It's grotesque.
It makes my dick twitch.
"Welcome to the VIP room!" Rick steps forward and throws his arms wide.
"W-what's going on here?!" I take a step back.
"What do you mean? Everyone is just training."
"No! W-why are they naked?! Why aren't they exercising?! You said the chastity cage was supposed to help me get fit!"
"Oh, it can help you get fit. It certainly increases testosterone levels." He steps toward me, a strange grin spreading across his face. "But when a chastity queer comes down here, he's given a choice. We can keep exercising like we have been, or you can give up. Instead of working out, you can become my gym assistant."
"Why would I do that…?"
"Let's ask your little dick, Skylar." He reaches out and grips my cage, causing me to flinch. "You've yearned for straight, masculine men your entire life. How good would it feel if they actually wanted to be around you? How blissful would it be to fall to your knees and be accepted?"
"C-could that really be possible?"
"Yeah. If you work hard and show obedience, then straight men will fucking love you. Well, they'll love using

you, anyway. What’s the difference though? You’d get the approval you’ve craved for so long. Just give up on your fitness goals, Skylar. You don’t want to date other queers. You don’t want to get fit. No…you only want one thing, and it’s right here."
He pulls off his tank top, exposing that godlike chest. The mere sight of it causes my blood pressure to drop.
He’s right. I’ve yearned for a straight man’s approval for so long. Is it possible to actually attain it? If I work hard, could I have a place in this man’s life? He’s a star football player. He’s going places.
I’m just an awkward fatass.
We’re practically different species.
“Boys like you aren’t meant to be strong.” He reaches out and strokes my hair. “You’re meant to help other men grow strong instead.”
“Working hard for a…man.”
“Yeah. That’s right.” He stifles a laugh. “Imagine it—coming here day after day, fetching me water and toweling down my body. You’ll buy my supplements. You’ll pay for my meals. You’ll put me on your credit card so I can spend your money on my personal growth. You’ll feed these muscles. You’ll become a part of my legacy.”
“The star athlete…and his loyal boy…”
“I’m offering you something beautiful, Skylar. Every queer in this room has accepted it. They all know their place. The owner of this gym has owned a loyal homo since he was in high school. He created the VIP room to give others the same opportunity. This is a place where dirty, feral boys are tamed and cleaned up. Let me purify you. Let me show you the light.”
He carefully guides my face into his damp armpit.
I instinctively inhale, taking a hit of the divine musk.
“Yes…I need it.”

“Say it louder.”
“I need it.”
“Louder.”
“I need it!”
“Louder!”
“I need it, sir! Please! Allow me to serve! Show me how to be useful!”
The other men all stop lifting and glance toward us. A handful of them burst into laughter.
“Get on your knees. Show that you mean it.”
I sink to the floor at his feet while the other men watch. The chastity boys just stare on with emotionless expressions. It’s almost like they’re in a trance.
He drops his shorts and underwear, allowing his semi-hard dick to bob and sway. I grow a bit cross-eyed following the bloated purple tip from side to side. The slit is long and dilated—almost like there’s an eye at the tip of his dick.
His shaft is coated in dark, delicate skin, but monstrous veins bulge beneath the surface. He’s got a wiry bush of pubes at his base—doesn’t look like he even trims.
He’s a fucking animal.
“You’ve gotta suck the cock to seal the deal.” Rick laces his fingers into my hair. “Do you know how many pussies this dick has fucked? Show that you respect that. Worship it.”
He pulls my lips toward his tip, but he isn’t gentle. He forces the bulb into my mouth, pressing it down on my tongue. Slick precum wets my tastebuds with a salty, vaguely sweet flavor. It triggers something within me, and I automatically begin nursing on the tube.
“Yeah, just like that, buddy. Only one of us has a cock. Only one of us will grow big and strong.”
“Guuurrrggghhh!”

He shoves deeper, advancing toward the back of my throat.
“You know, I was telling the truth about the chastity cage pumping you full of testosterone. Arousal works both ways too—if a queer sucks and edges a man during a workout, it stimulates hormone production. The queers here do more than just fetch bottles of water. They tease and stimulate their men, allowing them to grow ever larger. Worship increases a man’s physical power.”
My eyes roll while I suck, glancing toward the other men. He’s right—I can see boners in their gym shorts.
Several of the chastity queers step forward and begin rubbing the cylinders. Some fall to their knees and kiss the bulges.
I look back up at Rick. He’s so big and strong. From this angle, I can see the underside of his pecs. They’re like boulders hanging off a cliff.
His cock is swelling in my mouth. My tongue swirls while the shape solidifies. I can feel his dick transforming with arousal.
Larger.
Larger.
Larger.
It reaches its full length as I struggle to stay latched on. I can barely get the upper half into my mouth.
But Rick doesn’t give a damn.
He forces my head down, ramming the cock into my narrow esophagus. My throat burns and stings while I try to pull back. He just holds me steady, letting out a grunt of approval. Wet gagging noises burst from my lips, causing him to finally relax.
I pull back, coughing and gasping for air. Tears of exertion flow down my cheeks.
“But you see, the difference between you and me is that I

get release when I’m done working out. All the men here do. After a long day of training, we make our queers drink our seed. They absorb all the extra testosterone we produced during the workout.”
“Sir…please feed it to me.” I gaze up at him and give a weak smile. “Feed me your testosterone.”
“A performance-enhancing drug…a shame you’ll never actually get fit.” He laughs and shoves his dick back into my mouth. “But that’s ok. I like you fat and doughy. I want you to get even bigger for me. I want you to inflate like a balloon!”
My mouth hangs open while he begins fucking into my throat. After that initial insertion, my gag reflex seems to be suppressed. He fucks hard and fast while I just go limp and allow it. I try to touch my dick, but the cage blocks it. It’s puffy and inflamed. It aches, but it also sings with joy. Our moist, dirty sounds blend with the grunts of men lifting weights. They’re unfazed by this foul, degenerate act. It’s a common occurrence here.
That’s why security is so tight. Nobody can know about this secret exercise regimen.
Most people wouldn’t understand what we’re doing. They’d get the wrong idea.
Rick fucks and fucks until the underside of his dick twitches atop my tongue. I brace myself for the impending release, and he soon delivers.
His cock tenses and relaxes while thick globs of semen blast into my throat. I try to guzzle it down, but his rapid fucking pulls the slime up onto my tongue, forcing me to examine his flavor. It’s salty and bitter. Maybe it’s because of all the red meat and protein powder, but it’s hardly pleasant.
No…maybe that’s not true.
I begin to salivate as the semen is whipped into a froth. It

grows increasingly tolerable. It has smoky undertones that I didn’t notice at first.
Yeah.
His cum tastes good.
Really good.
Better than any trashy hookup I had in the past.
“Yeah, bro. Just drink it down. It’s healthy. It’s good for you.” Rick’s body glistens with sweat as his dick spasms.
“Guuurgh…” I let out a wet gurgle in response.
We stay locked in this demeaning embrace until he’s fully unloaded into my body. His dick springs free, smacking against my cheek with a heavy thud. I suck down cum residue in my mouth while staring up into his emerald eyes.
“Thank you…sir.”
“You’re a great sucker, Skylar. I knew I picked a good boy.”
My heart flutters at his words.
“I tried my best for you…”
“I expect you to be here each and every morning. I want you by my side. We’re gonna accomplish incredible things here. I can feel it.”

A savory, delicious scent fills the air.
With the utmost focus, I carefully spoon chicken and rice into a plastic container, sealing it shut.
This has become a regular morning ritual. It’s very important.
We’ve been doing this for several weeks now, and I’m beginning to see a difference. Rick is growing…I’m feeding his muscles. Each morning, I cook him a protein-rich lunch and bring it to the gym. It’s one of the many ways I support his training.
When I’m in his presence, I strip down and stand at his

side, my chastity cage fully exposed. He lifts and grows sweaty. I wipe him down.
And then the teasing begins.
Whenever he hits the bench press, I kneel between his legs and kiss his bulge. I lavish it with affection, coaxing it to grow big and strong. When he does bicep curls, I kiss his muscles while rubbing his cock. Admiring his body like this stimulates testosterone production. We're training together.
Only one of us is meant to have muscles, but that's ok. Ever since I stopped lifting, I've been gaining more weight.
I put on fat. Rick puts on muscle.
Strange things have been happening to my cock. At first, I was horny as hell during our secret gym workouts. My painful erections began weakening though. Over the past few days, they've ceased altogether. I'm still horny, but it doesn't manifest physically. It's like something within me has broken.
There's only one cock in my life anymore, and it's not mine…
I pack Rick's lunch in my bag and make my way to the gym. I've received my own VIP keycard, and I'm soon in the underground chamber. Rick has already gotten to work, and I find him doing lat pulldowns near another beefy jock and his naked homo.
"You're late!" Rick says between reps.
"S-sorry, sir."
I begin stripping down while taking in the powerful atmosphere. The air is thick with the smell of sweat. The sound of weights clanging is music to my ears. I used to hate going to the gym, but now it's becoming a second home.
"On your knees." Rick rises.

I automatically obey, savoring the warm air flowing around my exposed body.
Grabbing a pair of dumbbells, Rick positions himself in front of me with his ass toward my face.
“Urgh!” His deep voice echoes off the gym mirrors.
He squats, shoving his ass in my face. He repeats the act over and over. Whenever his shorts make contact with my mouth, I give a loving kiss. He calls
these “homosquats” and it’s one of the secret exercises he’s taught me. He gets a real kick out of making me kiss a dirty part of his body.
But in all honesty, I kinda like it. It’s too bad he’s wearing shorts though. I’d love to feel his ass hair tickling my face…
I sit like this for dozens of reps, kissing as his shorts grow sweaty. The perspiration seeps through the fabric, creating a wide, wet outline of his asscrack.
All around me, the other queers engage in similarly degenerate acts. It’s a surreal sight to behold. The air is dripping with sexuality. It’s dripping with masculinity.
Some straight guys think that any form of sexual contact with a man is emasculating, but that’s foolish. There’s no greater display of power than making another man kneel for you. It’s the ultimate sign of dominance.
“Fuck, the glutes are on fire!” Rick stands and drops his weights. “And I’m starting to feel all those lat pulldowns. Come give me a massage.”
He pulls off his damp tank top and sits on a bench. My eyes are glassy as I rise. My legs carry me forward like a robot. When I first came here, I thought it was odd how the queers seemed a bit distant, but now I understand. The chastity cage keeps all this arousal bottled up. Our minds are clouded with sexuality.
And when a man can’t touch his penis, he seeks other

forms of pleasure. He begins to crave approval from larger, more powerful men. It feels so nice when Rick tells me I'm doing a good job. It's almost like his words are stroking my dick through the cage.
"You're tight, sir." I begin kneading into his dense muscles.
"Put your back into it. Really get in there."
I push hard into the mounds of flesh jutting from his back. They're firm, but they have a vague resistance if I press hard enough. His tan skin is drenched in sweat, and it allows my hands to glide over his muscles with ease.
My pudgy fingertips drift up to his shoulders. Striations are visible beneath the skin, giving the appearance of parallel waves rolling atop the ocean. I press into the grooves, savoring the sound of Rick's heavy breathing.
I'm making him feel good…that makes me feel good too. We're becoming connected.
It almost seems silly that I once wanted to date. What a waste of time.
Wouldn't it be so much more satisfying to stay bonded to Rick? Wouldn't that be a more productive endeavor? When he fucks, he has the power to create life. What if I fed into that?
"Sir…could I ever be allowed to watch you with a girl? I'd love to see your cock in action."
"Oh yeah?" He lets out a quiet laugh. "Sure. If you find me a hot slut, I'll fuck her pussy and let you watch. I'll even let you kiss the cock before I slide it inside. You'd be giving it your blessing."
"Wow…"
My caged dick twitches. That hasn't happened in quite a while.
"You're getting good at following instructions, you know that?"

“Thank you, sir.”
“You see, a well-trained homo is a valuable asset to a man. You’re versatile and you can be trained and molded. It’s similar to how dogs can be trained to perform specialist tasks like guiding the blind or sniffing for drugs. Queer boys can pick up skills if they’re given the right tasks.”
“The right tasks? What do you mean?”
“Every command I give is a learning opportunity. Think about it—you’ve become a better chef since we started doing this. You’ve become better at giving massages. Hell, you’re even starting to recognize the most sensitive pressure points on my dick. You’re developing skills that make you valuable to the man who owns you. You’re becoming more refined with each passing day.”
“Sinking deeper…”
“Exactly. Boys like you need to be given frequent tasks to reach your full potential. Some of the men here make their queers do their homework. Some make them clean their apartments. Some even command their boys to start businesses.”
“Why would they want a homo to work and start a company?”
“Because the money all flows up to the man. These types of relationships can be positive. The homo gains useful life skills while enriching his owner.”
“We should be grateful for the opportunity to serve.”
“Owning a loyal boy is a big responsibility. There’s a lot of power here, and it’s possible for straight men to destroy queers if we aren’t careful. Some guys do that for fun, but I think it’s a waste. Boys like you are useful. You should be treasured and protected.”
I shove into his muscles while my eyes grow wide with wonder.

“You’re my protector now…?”
“Yeah, but don’t get the wrong idea. I still think you’re fucking nasty. I only use your mouth because it’s convenient. At the end of the day, I’ll always prefer putting my dick in a wet pussy.”
“But what about my asshole, sir? I could open it for you if you want.”
“You’re an eager one.” He laughs. “But fucking a homo is a big commitment. When you drink cum, the testosterone and other hormones soak into the absorbent lining of your mouth and throat. A lot of it is destroyed during digestion though. If I fuck you in the ass, you’ll be taking a bigger hit of those chemicals. A portion of the load will seep through your permeable anal membrane. It can alter your body chemistry.”
“You mean…an addiction?”
“Yeah. Your body grows accustomed to being fucked. You’ll develop extreme cravings for the man who breeds you. I’m not gonna start that process until I’m certain you’re the boy I want.”
“Please, sir! I’ll prove myself!”
“It’s one of nature’s dirty secrets.” He turns around to face me. “It’s a natural bonding mechanism between men.”
He grabs my shoulders and forces me to the ground. Instinctively, I pull down his shorts, setting his erect dick free. This is my favorite part of our workout sessions.
“I’ll show that I’m worthy of the bond. I’ll show more devotion than anyone you’ll ever meet.” I lean forward and begin kissing his cock.
“Good. Suck this big dick with passion. Make me want to keep you around.”
“Yes…sir.” I make out with his reproductive organ, working my way to the tip.

“And I’ll keep giving you tasks. I’ll help you grow. By the time we’re done, you’ll be a fucking robot designed specifically for me.”
“Property…master’s property.”
My stomach flutters as I speak the words.
“That’s right, buddy. Just shut down your brain and follow instructions. You’re a taskboy now.”

Mother of god.
What have I become?!
I stare at myself in my bathroom mirror, struggling to recognize the person looking back. Dark circles hang under my eyes. A double chin jiggles like the neck of a turkey. Love handles sag over my pants, giving me the shape of a giant muffin.
When I first went to the gym, I thought I’d get fit. I never dreamed I’d only balloon larger. It’s been three months now since I was locked into chastity, and it’s been a downward spiral.
But these have also been the happiest months of my life. Rick’s control has only expanded over time. He explained it to me early on—there are three ways a queer can serve a man:
Financially.
Domestically.
Sexually.
Financially, my usefulness is a bit limited. I’m still just a college student, but my parents send me an allowance for living expenses. I’ve started cutting back and eating cheaper food. I don’t go out on the weekends anymore either. All the money I’m saving is being funneled up to Rick to cover his supplements and gym expenses.
Domestically, he’s started bringing me back to his dorm to clean. I get on my hands and knees, scrubbing his

bathtub and toilet. My caged little penis twitches whenever I scrub the area where Rick shits. His roommates are all members of the gym too, and sometimes they bring their queers over to cook and clean alongside me.

Sexually, I've become adept at stimulating my master's penis. I've found a region along the side of his cock that's particularly sensitive. Like a sensual button, I press it to stimulate testosterone production while he exercises. Like clockwork, I always open wide and accept his load when he finishes his workout. It makes me salivate. I've grown to appreciate his semen like it's fine wine.

But…he still hasn't fucked me.

Despite all my hard work, he still isn't sure about claiming me long-term. Day after day, I just commit to working harder. I've thrown myself into this new life. Rick's cock… it's all that matters.

My friends and family have noticed. They say I've seemed distant lately, but I don't mind. This would be impossible to explain to them. They'd never understand the special bond I have with my personal trainer.

I get dressed and make my way to the gym. By the time I head downstairs and enter the VIP chamber, the place is already packed with beefy, shirtless studs. I've become familiar with many of them. Sometimes Rick makes me stay behind after he's left for the day. He loans me out to the other men, encouraging me to gain more cocksucking experience. On my knees alongside the other homos, we worship masculinity. We kiss muscles and cocks together, lavishing these muscle gods with the attention they deserve.

But none of them compare to my master.

Rick's cum has a distinct flavor that I'd recognize anywhere. Most of these guys taste salty and bitter, but

Rick has a unique smoky aftertaste that makes my head spin. His body produces semen that seems designed specifically for me. I'm naturally attracted to the chemical composition.
It means we're destined to be together like this.
It's preordained by nature.
"There you are!" Rick approaches while I scan up and down his hard body.
We've both been getting larger. I gain fat while he gains muscle. We're growing together.
His lats bulge beneath his white tank top, pulling the fabric taut and showcasing his inverted triangle shape. His firm nipples and shredded abs poke beneath the fabric, practically begging me to touch and kiss.
"Hello, master." I lower my eyes in respect.
"Get naked. You know your chastity cage is the only exercise gear you need."
"Yes. Of course."
I strip down, watching my body jiggle as I move. I haven't been able to see my caged dick in months. Not that it matters though. It rarely gets hard anymore. It just kinda hangs off my body like a useless appendage. I've noticed something strange though. When I get aroused, my dick stays soft but my asshole reflexively twitches. It's a new physical response that I don't fully understand.
"Damn! Look at that!" Rick grabs one of my fluffy pecs, squeezing and rotating his hand like he's turning a doorknob. "You're turning into a monster, Skylar! Fucking huge!"
"So are you, sir."
Several of the men nearby snicker.
"Turn around. Let me see the ass."
I do as he says, flinching as he grips my asscheeks and spreads them apart.

“Bro! It’s getting all red!”
“W-what do you mean?”
“Your asshole—it looks like a rosebud.”
“I-I’m sorry…” My cheeks flush.
“No! This is good! It kinda looks like a pussy.” He turns to one of his gym bros. “Yo! Come look at this.”
His friend comes over and peers down at my exposed hole.
“Yeah. It’s swollen on the sides. It has pussy lips,” he says.
“Guys! Come check this out!” Rick shouts, beckoning the entire gym to come look at the most private part of my body.
I sweat with anxiety as everyone gathers around. Laughter fills the cavernous space.
“Rick, you fucked him up. You made him grow a pussy,” one of the guys says.
“Yeah, I’ve actually heard about this.” Rick crouches down to examine the hole up close. “If a chastity queer gets horny enough, blood flow from his cock can divert to his ass. It becomes a boypussy.”
I grimace.
“Damn! I wish my homo had a butt like that!” One of the men slaps his naked queer on the ass. “You’re lucky, Rick.”
“Huh. I guess I am.” He rises and folds his arms. “Maybe I misjudged you, Skylar. Maybe you have what it takes after all.”
“Sir!” I turn around and look up at him. “Do you mean…?”
“Yeah…I think we need to do some bonding.” He reaches out and cups my cheek. “You’ve been working so hard for me, and now your body is starting to show it. Your flab is a sign of devotion. Your boypussy is a sign of loyalty.”
“Master…I need it. I need the bond. Please make me

yours! Please keep me by your side!” I collapse to my knees, gazing up at him with pleading eyes.
“Do it, Rick. Give him what he needs.” One of the gym bros begins fondling himself through his shorts.
Everyone stays gathered around, forming a circle as Rick begins stripping down. I just stare in awe as his flawless body is revealed. The sight of his musculature causes the world to fade away. My vision goes a bit unfocused. My mouth automatically salivates. My asshole twitches.
I’ve been physically conditioned for this.
“You know, this dick has fucked half the cheerleading squad at school. You should feel honored to accept it, Skylar. It’s in high demand.” Rick spits into his palm and slathers the liquid onto his cock.
“Yes, master. Such an honor. I’m so grateful.” The words pour from my lips, but I can’t help thinking about my family. What would my father think of what his son has become? No parent hopes their son ends up with a boypussy.
But that doesn’t matter.
Rick understands me. He doesn’t judge me. He accepts me for who I am.
“Please, sir. Make it yours.” On my hands and knees, I reach back and spread my asscheeks.
Rick crouches to the gym floor while everyone watches. He presses a hand against my back, forcing my chest down onto the ground. Using his free hand, he pulls my hips up, forcing me to arch into a slutty, feminine posture. It’s uncomfortable, but I don’t care. If it pleases him, then it pleases me.
“Gotta get it nice and slick.” Rick spits into my crack. He massages the liquid onto my red, swollen rim. The sensitive nerves light up, forcing the opening to twitch and squirm. The way the hole clamps and relaxes on its

own…it’s almost sentient. My boypussy has its own personality.
I relax into it.
His deep, sensual massage causes my body to unwind. It causes my thoughts to slow as my boypussy takes control. Some people say that men think with their dicks. It’s different for chastity boys though. We think with our pussies.
“Nice and slow.” Rick places his thumb at the center of my hole and pushes.
There’s a moment of resistance before his wide, stubby digit pops past my boypussy lips. They gobble him up, tightening and relaxing like a mouth munching on a snack. My vision blurs for a moment as I struggle to comprehend the sensation. The rim has a slight burn, but it’s not painful at all. When I’ve been fucked by dudes in the past, it always hurt at first. Now though…penetration leaves me unfazed. The chastity cage has prepped me for this. My sexual arousal…it’s traveled to my asshole.
My dick is useless, but my hole is enhanced.
It’s a new sex organ.
“Oooohhh…sir! I love it!” A goofy smile stretches across my face.
“Damn right you do!”
The crowd laughs, but I barely even hear them. I’m like a horse with blinders. I’m laser-focused on the task at hand.
“Thank you for training me, master…”
“Of course. You’ve become so perfect. Fat and jiggly—plenty of padding for when I fuck you. You’re hilarious to look at now, you know that? Your fat rolls show that you belong to me.”
“My body…is yours.”
He throws his head back and laughs while extracting his thumb.

Propping himself up on one knee, he inserts the head of his cock between my asscheeks.
“Beg for it, you fat fuck!”
“Please, sir! Please fuck me with your big cock! I’ll please it just like the cheerleaders. My pussy won’t even get pregnant!”
“Exactly. Guys like you are so useful. The perfect tool for easy release.”
He applies pressure, forcing his cockhead past my dirty pussy lips. They open wide, accepting him with gratitude. His mushroom cap pops in easily, causing a dull burn to flare up. I feel something else too—a stretch.
A heavy, filling sensation, his cock spreads the rim wide. It reminds me of the stretches we used to do back when he was teaching me how to exercise. It’s deep and pleasing. He’s exercising my hole. He’s making it big and strong.
“Urgh!” A dazed grunt escapes my lips.
“Shhh…Just clear your mind.” He shoves down against my lower back, forcing it to arch further.
His hard cock slips deeper inside my body while the men around us drop their shorts. Their big, swinging dicks burst free, and their homos set to work. They suck and kiss the cocks while the men simply stare at me, taking in the sight of a young male being claimed by another.
This is such a deep and primal act. The way my hole clamps and relaxes against his shaft…it’s begging him to go deeper. My brain is executing a set of instructions given to me by nature. This is how I can prove my worth to larger men. I’ve just gotta shut up and open my hole.
“My trainer…” I mutter.
“Your mentor. Your owner.” He inches his cock ever deeper.
Wet, dirty sounds echo as the sexual aura escalates.

He finally reaches his base, holding the position while my asshole spasms. It’s an intense fullness that causes my entire body to feel hot. My caged little nub is fully limp, but my hole is alive with excitement. Deep inside, I can feel his cock applying pressure to my prostate. It sends a rush of joy flowing into my core. Straight guys are repulsed by the act of accepting a dick, but guys like me crave it. Straight brains just work differently than queer brains, and that’s a good thing. If a homo is obedient and trained properly, then we complement each other. We’re meant to be together like this. There’s a place in the world for guys like me.

And it’s right here, on my hands and knees with my boypussy held high.

“Fuck it, master. Please fuck the hole!” I struggle to get the words out.

“Such a pervert.” He snickers before extracting and ramming back in.

“Eeep!” A tiny squeal leaves my mouth as I lurch forward. He repeats the act over and over, gradually working into a fast fuck. The men around us seem invigorated by the sight. They let out grunts and encourage their homos to suck harder and deeper.

Smacking noises ring out whenever his hard lower abdomen hits my gelatinous ass. As the saying goes, an ass like mine just means more cushion for the pushin'. And I’ve got plenty of cushion for his hulking physique. Like a beast in heat, he collapses onto me. His ripped, striated forearms wrap around my fat pecs, squeezing me into a bizarre sort of hug.

“Yeah, tubby! You did all my tasks. You did them so well you inflated like a balloon! You grew a boypussy!”

“Yes, master. I’m your taskboy. Your perfect taskboy. I do what you say. I never ask questions…never ask

questions…never ask questions…”
“Just obedience. Pure, absolute obedience.”
My wild eyes roll in my skull while he grinds and humps. My boypussy screams with delight while my caged dick flops back and forth. The erotic glow in my prostate only grows more powerful as his cock saws over the region. He’s fucking me better than any man I’ve ever known. He’s using me for his pleasure. I’m an object.
We’ve grown emotionally tethered. His pleasure is my pleasure. I want him to use me. I want him to work my body like he’s a pump and I’m an oilfield. He needs to extract every last drop of satisfaction.
“I…I don’t have a cock,” I whisper. “You locked it up. You took it away from me.”
“I set you free. I took away all your worries. I made life so simple. So pure.”
“Yes…yes…yessssss!”
His words seep into my brain, triggering something surreal.
My cock twitches in its cage while my pussy rim clamps around his shaft. I can’t see my cock beneath my huge, swinging stomach, but I can feel moisture. Have I sprung a leak?
I crane my head, looking at the ground in absolute terror. Beads of yellowish cum are dripping onto the floor.
My soft cock is ejecting lust.
I don’t have time to process the sight. Extreme, mind-melting waves of euphoria crash over my body, sucking me into a whirlpool of pleasure. I go completely limp while my hole tightens and relaxes, massaging his massive dick.
“Oh fuck, that’s perfect!” Rick’s deep voice vibrates against my back. “A boypussy orgasm! Your body just can’t hold back anymore! It’s showing how much you love

me!”
“Guuuhhh…?” I let out a depraved noise.
Perhaps he’s right. Is this what love looks like? The one-sided love a chastity boy has for his keyholder?
It doesn’t matter.
I just let go, accepting this divine gift.
My hole works Rick’s cock while his fucking accelerates. The orgasm seems to be contagious. My body is begging him to plant his seed.
And he delivers.
Ramming to his base, he clutches me against his chest with a painful level of force. I’m trapped in a muscular cage. I’m being pumped with gym bro testosterone.
Gym bro protein.
Whatever excess he has, it goes into me. I’m a goddamn receptacle for semen now. What’s this gonna do? Will it fuck me up? Will it really leech into my body and promote loyalty?
The gym spins while his frenzied thrusts meld with my own orgasm. All around us, I can hear queers sucking loads from men. The air is heavy with the humid stench of sweat and cum.
We grind like this for what feels like hours, though I know that’s not possible. The intensity of this experience has warped my sense of time. I can barely even remember where I am.
But almost as fast as it begins, it ends.
My soft dick spews its last droplet, causing the convulsions in my boypussy to subside. Rick’s pace slows as he fully empties inside me. It’s strange though…I still feel horny. Before chastity, I’d have zero arousal after cumming. Now though, I feel no different. I love how his cock feels inside me. It’s still a nice, filling stretch.
An anal orgasm has no refractory period. I’ll be horny

forever…
What a gift.
Rick relaxes his grip and sits up, letting his erection pop from my ass. It flings cum while I collapse onto the floor. If he wants to go another round, I'm sure he'd be able to trigger another orgasm for me. I have unlimited sexuality to give. This is the blessing of chastity.
"Goddamn! That was a great fuck!" He wipes sweat from his brow while the other men wind down as well.
"Rick! What is this?!" A deep, unfamiliar voice pierces the air.
We all turn to see a tall, beefy man wearing a polo shirt with the gym's logo on it. There's a little nametag labeled "CRAIG" attached to the fabric. He's old and wrinkled, but his physique is built like a brick wall. A thin scowl is visible beneath his silver goatee.
And there's someone behind him.
A lithe, almost dainty, blond man walks in his shadow. Wearing formfitting clothes and thick-rimmed glasses, he's got slender eyebrows and immaculate hair. He gives off a seriously gay vibe.
"Oh! Um…" Rick leaps to his feet, his still-hard cock bouncing. An uncharacteristic look of embarrassment flashes across his face.
"I made you the manager of my gym, and this is what you've done?!" Craig approaches and looks down at me. There's a simultaneous look of disgust and concern in his eyes. I must look vile. Just a sweaty heap of flesh lying in its own semen.
"I was just breeding my queer like you taught me!" Rick glances away.
All around us, the men quickly wrap up their sexual escapades and stand at attention. Craig…this guy must own the gym.

And that means the guy behind him is probably his queer.
“This is NOT how you train properly!” The blond guy glares at Rick.
Yep. With a voice like that, this dude is definitely Craig’s homo. There’s probably a chastity cage under those tight jeans.
“Yeah, Rick. I’m disappointed in you.” Craig scans the crowd. “All of you, in fact. Your chastity boys are out of shape. You’ve been neglecting them.”
There’s tension in the air. It’s like a teacher just walked into a classroom, only to find the students shooting spitballs and misbehaving.
“B-but, Dad…” Rick’s voice grows quiet.
My eyes widen. The gym owner is Rick’s…father?
“Shut up! You’ve owned pets before. You know they need to be nurtured. Once you’ve started fucking a homo, it’s a long-term bond. If you fatten him up like this, he’s not gonna last long. It’ll slow him down and limit his usefulness.”
I look at my bulging belly. He’s not wrong.
“Yeah, I understand, Dad…”
“All of you need to get your shit together if you’re gonna use my gym. I want you to reach your full potential as men, and that means having top-tier support. You deserve to be served by only the highest quality chastity queers. Train them. Refine them. Mold them in your own image. These are lasting bonds and need to be treated as such.”
Craig puts his hands on his hips and scowls.
“A healthy boy is a happy boy,” I whisper.
“Yeah, exactly!” He looks down at me. “This one gets it!”
“Alright, alright…” Rick nudges me with his foot. “Get up, Skylar. It’s time to burn off that lard.”
“Yes, sir.” I rise, my knees quivering with post-fuck

fatigue.
“We can start with simple dumbbell curls. Come with me, buddy.” He throws an arm around my sweaty shoulders. “Let’s get to work.”

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